McKean County Miner.

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HON. ROBERT S. MURPHY,
Lieut.-Gov.-elect.

DANIEL OGDEN'S BODY FOUND ON TUESDAY

He was Lost in the Woods Over a Year Ago.

SONE LUNDEN FOUN THE BODY.

The Body Was Found Near the Mt. Jewett Water Works—Nothing But Skeleton Remained.

The remains of Daniel Ogden, who was lost in the woods while hunting over a year ago, were found by Sone Lunden of Hazelhurst while out hunting on Tuesday.

The MINER heard of the finding of the body this morning and tried to get Mr. Lunden by telephone but was unable to do so, therefore the details of the matter are meagre, but from what we can learn Mr. Lunden and a companion were hunting between Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett and that as they were crossing a ravine near the Mt. Jewett water works they found the remains partially under a log. It is said the identification was complete and there is no doubt as to its being the body of Mr. Ogden.

On Sunday, Oct. 22, 1905, Mr Ogden started out from his home in Kushequa for a short hunt. He did not return and the next day a search was instituted and for weeks the hunt continued covering as they supposed every foot of ground for many miles around. A week after his disappearance the Ogden dog returned but the animal would not guide the searchers back to his master and at last all hope was given up of ever finding Mr. Ogden or his body.

The place where the remains of Mr. Ogden was found must be in the neighborhood of four miles, directly through the woods from Kushequa and it is more than likely that he lost his bearing and traveled through the woods until he was exhausted and was overcome by the cold. From what we have been able to learn there were no indications that he accidently shot himself or had been the victim of foul play.

Mangled by the Cars.

Alex. Carman, a glassworker employed in the Mt. Jewett factory, was hit by a freight train on the B., R. & P. railway at Mt. Jewett early Sunday evening and horribly mangled, his legs being severed, his head cut and face badly bruised. He had been seen about Mt. Jewett during the day and the supposition is that the unfortunate man while walking along the track in some manner got his foot caught in a frog and before he could extricate it the train struck him with the above result.

The man was found dead alongside of the track by the telegraph operator at the tower nearby a few minutes after the accident and with assistance the remains were taken to the rooms of Undertaker Lantz, where it was decided that an inquest was unnecessary and the body was prepared for burial. Mr. Carman was aged about 32 years and during his short residence in Mt. Jewett had lived with his sister, Mrs. Facemyer.

Information Wanted.

I would like to know the whereabouts of my wife, Mary. She came to Smethport about Oct. 1 with her girl baby, aged 8 months. She has dark hair, blue eyes, is about 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs about 120 pounds, wore a large blue hat and veil with white dots, brown silk skirt, black silk coat and is supposed to be working in or near Smethport. Any information regarding them should be sent to C. A. SHAW,
care MINER office, Smethport, Pa.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.
CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Death of Howard W. Wilcox.

The following notice of the death of Howard W. Wilcox, taken from the Franklinville Chronicle, is of interest to many of our readers in this vicinity, as Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Wilcox, parents of the deceased, were until recently well known residents of Newerf, and they have many friends who will tender their heartfelt sympathy.

The death of Howard W. Wilcox occurred at his home on Maple avenue in this village Wednesday evening, after illness of but a few weeks, the doctors being undecided as to what disease was afflicting him. Some thought it consumption, while others contend that it was a rupture of some nature and cause unknown.

Deceased was a highly respected young man and of useful, industrious habits. He was born at Eldred, Pa., on July 28, twenty-one years ago, his father being Lucius F. Wilcox. At 17 years of age he left Westbrook business college at Olean, after a course in business and stenography, and became clerk for Secretary Holmes of the Franklinville Canning Co. His industry and strict attention to business made him a valuable man to the canning company so his commercial life has been entirely spent with them. He was equally popular with associates and friends, and will be greatly missed by them.

Besides the sorrowing father and mother he leaves one older brother, Charles T., and two sisters and two younger brothers, Daisy, Mary, Benjamin and Frank, all of whom have many friends in this place.

Mrs A. A. Abbey, Miss Geneva Manwaring and Dr. W. A. Ostrander of this borough were in attendance at the funeral, which was held at Franklinville last Friday.

The Benefit Successful.

The clever little comedy, "Others People's Money," was reproduced before a large audience at the Lyceum last Saturday evening and pleased the audience in a very satisfactory manner.

The play was given under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Frogs, assisted by W. B. Woodall, Isabel Calder and a capable company, the purpose of which was to raise funds to place a fountain for man or beast on Main street and as a result the Frogs and their friends patronized the attraction very liberally and $75 was raised for the fountain.

"Other People's Money" should capture other people's money easily for it is a catchy comedy and one that should please all classes of theater patrons. The company is composed of actors and actresses of ability and know full well how to bring out the mirth of the play. Mr. Woodall and Miss Calder deserve special mention for they handled their respective parts in a finished style and style that is original.

HON. HENRY HOUCH,
Sec'y Int. Affairs Elect.

Car of Dynamite Explodes.

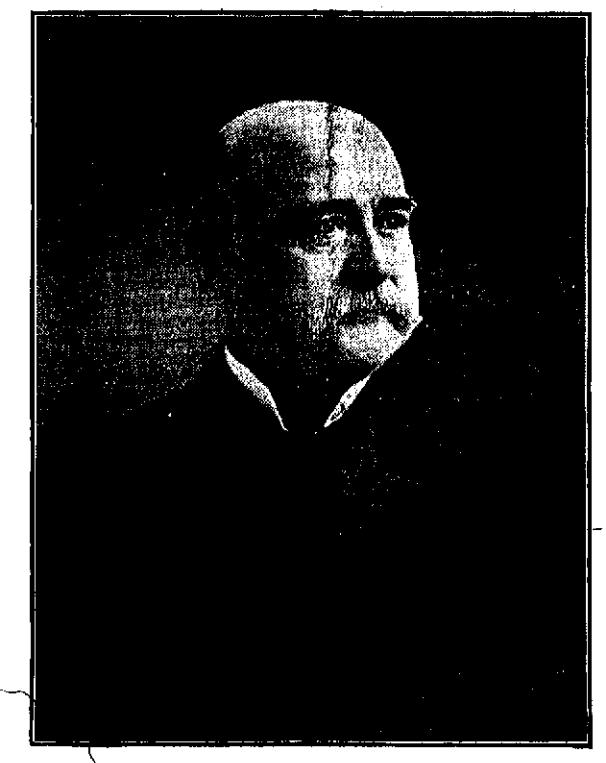
A carload of dynamite exploded at Thayer's Siding, near Ridgway, early Sunday morning, causing much damage. As a freight train on the B., R. & P. was passing the car containing the dangerous compound the explosion occurred. At least 15 cars in the train were blown into splinters of wood and bent and twisted iron. The train was about half way past the explosive and all the train crew were out of danger when the dynamite "let go."

The havoc of the dynamite was complete. Besides tearing a hole in the roadbed large enough to admit a good-sized dwelling house, the fragments of the cars and contents were blown hundreds of rods in every direction. That the entire train was not ditched seems wonderful. The windows in the dwelling houses for miles around were shatterday and glass in Ridgway was broken. The report of the blast was distinctly heard in Kane, DuBois, Mt. Jewett and St. Marys.

The cause of the explosion has not as yet been determined. There is a theory that somebody went up with the explosion, but nobody is missing. Another idea is that one of the moving cars jumped the track and jarred the car containing the dynamite. One guess seems to be as good as another.

Bear skin hose for boys and girls. The kind to wear. Lindholm's.

The Aome Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.



HON. EDWIN S. STUART, Governor-elect.

GREAT REPUBLICAN VICTORY IN PENNSYLVANIA---STUART AND THE WHOLE TICKET ELECTED.

The Policy of Roosevelt is Supported By 75,000 Plurality.

FUSION RECEIVED A BODY BLOW.

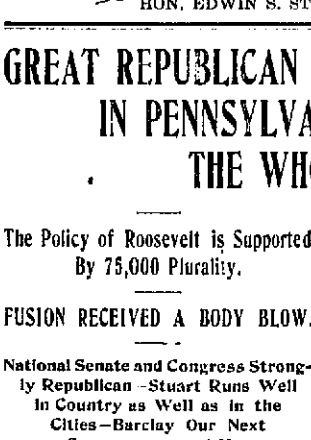
National Senate and Congress Strongly Republican—Stuart Runs Well in Country as Well as in the Cities—Barclay Our Next Congressman and McKean and Habgood for Assembly.

The Grand Old Party has swept this great old State again by a plurality of from 65,000 to 75,000 and the following State, district and county ticket is elected:

Hon. Edwin S. Stuart, R., governor
Hon. Robt. S. Murphy, R., lieut. governor.
Hon. Robt. K. Young, R., Auditor General.
Hon. Henry Houch, R., Secretary Internal Affairs.
Capt. C. F. Barclay, R., Congress.
James. A. McKean, R., Assembly.
Robt. P. Habgood, R., Assembly.
A. M. Marsh, R., Jury Commissioner, Bradford Township.
W. G. Holder, D., Jury Commissioner, Smethport.

Philadelphia rolled up a plurality of from 80,000 to 85,000 for Stuart and Rotan for District Attorney. Pittsburg and Allegheny county gave the Republican ticket about 28,000 and it is thought that the rest of the state will boost the plurality for the State ticket enough to make it close to 75,000. Emery ran away behind his expectations in practically every county except McKean.

Returns from every county in the State on the Legislative ticket, shows that the next House of Representatives will contain 147 Republicans, 55 Democrats, 4 Lincoln and City Party and one Union Labor.



JAMES A. M'KEAN,
Assemblyman Elect.

According to the New York Tribune of Wednesday the 60th Congress will consist of about 228 Republicans and 158 Democrats. The United States senate will be made up of 61 Republicans and 29 Democrats.

The complete unofficial returns from McKean county for the principal candidates are as follows: Governor, Stuart, R., 2302; Emery, F., 4366; Castle, P., 334. Congress, Barclay, R., 3340; Taylor, D., 1738. Assembly, McKean, R. and L., 4127; Habgood, R., 2681; Sharpe, D., 2974; McClellan, D., 1543. Jury Commissioner, Marsh, R., 3707; Holder, D., 1766; Love, P., 928.

The election in Smethport borough passed off very quietly. There were 365 votes cast and of these there were the following straight tickets: Republican, 96; Lincoln 17; Prohibition, 13; Democratic, 10, and Socialist and Socialist Labor, each one.

Although it had been conceded by most everyone that Stuart would come out ahead in the borough, still the unexpected will happen and the vote shows a majority for Emery of 35. James A. McKean, the local candidate for Representative in the General Assembly, received a flattering vote from the townspeople, while Marsh got a majority over Holder, the local candidate for jury commissioner, of 10.

Mr. Habgood also received a good vote in the borough and the Prohibition candidates, Hilton and Kane, should feel elated at the complimentary vote given them. Capt. C. F. Barclay, the new Congressman, ran ahead of the ticket and received a majority over Taylor, D., of 169.

The following is the borough vote for the candidates of the four leading political parties:

Governor—Stuart, R.-C., 153; Emery, F., 188; Castle, P., 19.

Lieutenant Governor—Murphy, R.-C., 171; Black, F., 152; Patton, P., 19.

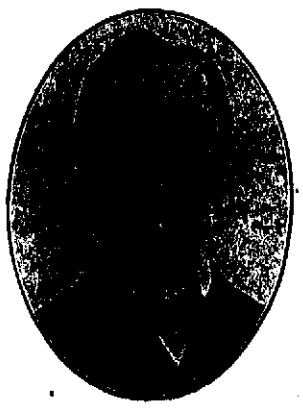
Auditor General—Young, R.C., 182; Creasy, F., 150.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—Houch, R.-C., 186; Green, F., 130; Hoffman, P., 19.

Congress—Barclay, R.-P., 243; Taylor, D., 74.

Assembly—McKean, R.-L., 293; Habgood, R., 163; Sharpe, D., 82; McClellan, D., 80; Hilton, P., 55; Kane, P., 33.

Jury Commissioner—Marsh, R., 150; Holder, D., 140; Love, P., 41.



ROBT. P. HABGOOD,
Assemblyman Elect.

For Sale.

A millinery and furnishing goods store in live, hustling town. For further information address "Milliner," care of this office.

With the N. P. L.

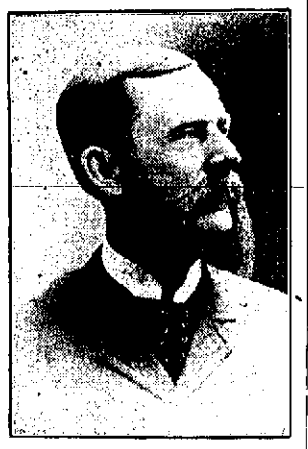
The National Protective Legion of Smethport celebrated Hallowe'en in a very beneficiary manner to that wide awake enterprising order. The District Manager M. E. Slade, accompanied by the Olean degree team came up and conferred the degree upon a class of 21 candidates. They exemplified the work in a most creditable manner, it being very effective and impressive. The full regalia worn was very rich and beautiful. At the close of initiation we were treated to a fine display drill that called forth much merrited applause. Deputy E. A. Stelly was right there seemingly very well satisfied with the result of his work with us in the last few days. Mr. Slade and Mr. Stelly told us some convincing facts regarding the financial standing and stability of the N. P. L. that was very pleasing to hear. After the meeting adjourned, delicious refreshments were served in the dining hall and a very pleasant social evening enjoyed, all united in hoping the Olean degree team would favor us with another visit in the near future.

Young Lady Suffocated.

A young lady named Stina Razmiski, an employee of the Armstrong Hotel for the last nine months, was suffocated in her room at that place last Saturday night. The last seen of her was about 1:30 o'clock on Saturday night. She did not come around to her work on Sunday and some one went to her room about noon to call her and when no answer could be gotten the room was broken into. The fire in the stove was burning and the room suffocating hot and the young lady was lying on the bed. A doctor was called and pronounced her dead for several hours. There were no indications of suicide and it is believed that she had simply fallen asleep and the intense heat smothered her. She was about 22 years of age and is survived by her parents who live in the old country and by two brothers and a sister who live here.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

A Peculiar Occurrence.

On Tuesday morning two sons of Mike Marrone, aged respectfully 9 and 14 years, were driving to Ridgway and when a short distance below Whistletown a man with a doublebarrel shotgun stepped out of the brush in front of them and according to the report of the boys, deliberately shot the horse in the head, killing it instantly. He told the boys to get to h——l out of that and then departed into the brush. There is no clue as to who the party was or what his object was in acting in such an unusual manner.—Johnsonburg Breeze.



CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY,
Congressman Elect.

Style and American Dressmaker.

Style and American Dressmaker has a real "Merry Christmas" Girl on the cover of the December number. The contents of the magazine are fully up to the high standard, and many pretty little suggestions for wearing apparel useful for Christmas gifts are found on its pages. The efforts of this magazine are devoted towards lightening the labor, and making pleasant the task of the woman who sews and all her needs and questions receive careful attention. Its readers find it indispensible.

This magazine has more and better original designs than any other magazine published. The designs are simple, practical and easy to follow, and patterns may be obtained for all designs shown.

Sample copy of this magazine 10 cents. Subscriptions $1.00. Address, Style and American Dressmaker, 24-26 East 21 St., New York City.

For Sale.

The entire stock of jewelry, fixtures, and good will of the business of the late Henry N. Prill. Also a Kentucky horse, cutter, etc. Also property at East Bradford. Address H. N. Prill—Estate, 7 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

Underwear time. Try Munsing Union Suits. At Lindholm's.

HON. ROBERT K. YOUNG,
Auditor General-elect.

Letter to the W. C. T. U.

Bradford, Pa., Oct. 31, 1906.

Dear Mrs Richmond:—We want to thank you, and through you the women of the W. C. T. U. for the boxes you sent us for the Children's Home. Everything you sent we needed and we appreciate more than I can tell you, the good condition of the clothes and their cleanliness—you would not wonder at this if you could see how perfectly unfit for use some of the things we receive are. The coats were so good and had such good strong linings in, everything had buttons on and were ready for use—we were so glad to get the night dress, the shoes, the aprons and the dresses, as I say everything. We need bedding, we need quilts large ones that are worn on the edges can be cut down and bound and would last us a long time, as you know our beds are all single. We have just closed our first year's work, we began with 12 children, we have had 56 under our care during the year, we have 25 there now, that is the largest number we've ever had. You understand that we always insist on receiving some help from who ever places the child with us, we do not intend to encourage pauperism or relieve a parent of the responsibilities of their children, but from so many we hear the assurance that they are so thankful to have a place where their children will be cared for and kept off the street while they are at work. We will be glad to have your ladies visit the Home at any time. It is not all we wish it was but we have done so much in one year that we feel greatly encouraged. The buying of provisions and in fact all buying is under the supervision of a carefully selected committee, we buy almost everything at wholesale.

Thanking you again and hoping your interest will continue, I am

Sincerely yours
MRS. S. E. VAN TINE,
Pres.

The members of the W. C. T. U. wish to thank all who so promptly and generously contributed to the above mentioned collection of necessaries.

M. E. RICHMOND,
Secy.

A Heart to Heart Talk With Women and Girls of Pennsylvania.

Why a woman's page? Must women be fed on special and diluted diet? Can they not read as men read?

They do read as men read—and all that men read—and add the woman's page to it.

Rightly conducted, it is the earnest journalistic attempt to instruct more than to amuse; well edited, it steers clear of the encyclopaedia and the boudoir.

It should be all that a well-rounded interesting, helpful woman is—ready to put out a strong, guiding hand wherever it is needed.

It must take itself seriously. It must be honest. It must reflect what really is, and suggest from experience what might be.

A great class turns to the woman's page for council, for advice, for suggestion. The ready made conventions of one set of people would be a misfit on another set, so why tell a woman who has to cook and wash for a husband and six children how to instruct a footman to receive the card of callers?

A women's page should be all things to all women.

No woman's page deserves success that does not give to its least reader a respectful hearing and the best advice in its scope. It must be kindly. It must inspire confidence.

It must enter into all the homely duties of the housewife with zest and enthusiasm. It must hold the affectionate friendship of its women readers.

All these things the woman's page of "The Philadelphia Daily Press" is and does—it is beyond doubt the most practical and truly and helpful woman's page ever offered Pennsylvania women. You cannot afford to miss even one day.

ANNA RITTENHOUSE.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoes for Men at Rubin's.

Through Straddle Rock Cove

By GEORGE E. WALSH

Copyright, 1903, by George E. Walsh

BOGGLES came aboard at Halifax a stranded, battered derelict of the sea anxious to sail to the north coast. He was sufferin from a plethora of hard luck, but to Mr. Pierce he had the appearance of one recovering from a period of dissipation. Annette saw only the picturesque side of Boggles, and he was fatallively engaged on the spot.

"I know the Newfoundland coast better'n I know the chart of me own face," confessed the pilot in a soft, pleading voice. "Seeing that I was born in Straddle Rock Cove an' lived there until I was old enough to run away, I ought to."

Annette was romantic, and she anticipated his thoughts.

"And you want to visit your old home again?" she asked sympathetically.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm dying to do that; been trying to get back in the old

"OH, BOGGLES! WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?"

home port for well nigh twenty years, but what with hard luck an' other things I've always missed it. Once at St. John's, I says to myself, now I'll see Straddle Rock ag'in before I die. I was so starin of it that I had to break a leg celebrating the event. Of course no one wanted a sailor with a game leg, an' I had to stay in port until the season was too far advanced to go north. Then I shipped to the States ag'in to keep from starving."

Boggles limped a trifle yet from his broken leg, and one eye seemed to squint with diabolic cunning when you looked him square in the face, but Annette saw none of the ugly sides of the subject she liked, and Boggles charmed her.

Mr. Pierce grumbled at the bargain, but finally submitted. Pilots familiar with the north coast were scarce in Halifax, and the season was late anyway. "Well, it's for Annette's sake I'm up here," he confessed, "and I suppose I shouldn't object if Annette approves."

"He looks honest, but a bit hardened on the surface by too much contact with the world," ventured Dr. Langdon, with a smile. "I think his story of being born and nurtured in Straddle Rock Cove is a myth, however. I doubt if there is such a place."

"We must visit Straddle Rock Cove," said Annette positively one day. "Mr. Boggles"—she always dignified the old pilot with Mr.—"can guide us there. It's an immensely dangerous harbor, and no one can enter it in a storm except Mr. Boggles."

"Boggles may be all right," drawled the doctor, "but I draw the line at going into Straddle Rock Cove with him in a storm."

Annette ignored the interruption. Mr. Pierce was bored with the whole trip, and he was willing to yield anything for peace.

"You will visit the cove, papa, where Boggles was born?" Annette continued. "You will make him happy again. He's been dreaming of this trip for twenty years."

"If you will be satisfied to return home then we may run in the harbor," craftily replied Mr. Pierce, anxious to shorten the trip by striking any sort of a bargain.

"Yes," reluctantly, "after we stay there a few days."

Straddle Rock grew daily in importance thereafter. It was the first definite point of entry for the yacht. Captain Reed looked the place up on the charts. There was a group of small rocks off a dangerous point of the coast, locally known by the fishermen as Straddle rocks. They were marked "Dangerous" and "No Safe Harbor For Ships or Yachts." He carried his information to the owner and grumbled with mutinous intent.

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, captain," retorted Mr. Pierce, annoyed by the new interference. "Annette is persistent, and you must oblige her. Really, it's none of my affair."

"But, sir, this man Boggles may wreck us."

Mr. Pierce waved his hand entreatingly. "Talk to Annette," he murmured.

Annette checked the incipient mutiny by closeting herself in the chart room with the captain for two whole hours. When they emerged both were smiling. No orders were given to change the course of the yacht.

The waters of the north coast met them a week later. They were cold and icy, with the breath of floating bergs hovering over them. Boggles was consulted by the captain, and his meek, submissive air sloughed off to make place for the official bearing of "Mr. Boggles, the north coast pilot."

Boggles was to report for duty the following morning. As his last unofficial act he helped the mate to repair the small acetylene gas generator in the forward part of the yacht. This was used in emergencies for the forward searchlight.

"We've got to keep a sharp lookout for icebergs now," Captain Reed had warned, "and that forward searchlight must be fixed up."

Boggles didn't know much about acetylene gas. Neither did the first mate. They tampered with the plant for two hours, and then a muffled explosion forward alarmed every member of the crew. It was the first mate who exclaimed incoherently:

"The thing—the tank exploded right in our faces. It was so sudden that I could not say how."

Boggles couldn't explain, for he was blinded and his body was blazing like a human torch covered with pitch. The captain and Dr. Langdon squelched the flames, so the yacht was safe, and Annette, with two sailors, rescued Boggles from incineration.

Mr. Pierce was angry and bored to the point of saying:

"How annoying! Any one hurt?"

"Boggles is pretty well done up," the doctor replied, scraping the charred skin from the blackened face. "He's blind as a bat for one thing, and"—

Boggles groaned and stammered in a hoarse whisper:

"I knew I'd never see Straddle Rock Cove ag'in. I might have knowed something would happen. Oh, why didn't I stay away?"

Captain Reed called another meeting to consider the question of changing the yacht's course. "Mr. Boggles is now incapacitated," he exclaimed, "and of course no one else is familiar with this coast."

"That's so," retorted Mr. Pierce, with sudden enlightenment. "Then we must return at once."

A malevolent light of joy illumined his features.

"Exactly," replied the captain. "I shall order the course changed."

"Not today, captain," interrupted Annette sweetly. "It seems like—like sacrilege to turn around and run home so soon after Mr. Boggles is laid up. I—I think we should keep on a day or two. There is some hope, Dr. Langdon, isn't there?"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, Annette, but there's none. Boggles is blind—totally blind. He may in six months or a year recover some of his sight, but it is a forlorn hope."

Annette's face darkened. Mr. Pierce thought she was about to cry, and he hastily said:

"We might keep on the same course for a day or two, captain, out of respect for Boggles, and"—

"Yes, yes, certainly."

Annette gave them both a grateful smile, and the conference was ended. Boggles absorbed more attention now than before the accident. Every one paid him deference, but that was partly because all, from the humblest to the highest, knew that the trip was to be abandoned in a day or two. But Boggles didn't know, and he kept mooning:

"I'll never see the Straddle rocks ag'in! If I could see 'em I'd die in peace! Ah, there they are! Are you here, ma'am? Look at 'em! See the sun on 'em! There's where I was born—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago, ma'am!"

"Oh, Boggles!" mourned Annette in return. "Why did this happen?"

Now, the meeting of the cold breath from the north coast and the warm wind of the southern summer plays havoc with the sea at many points between Newfoundland and Labrador. Fierce elemental struggles of the atmosphere shake the sea and earth, and for days and nights no ship is safe in those far regions.

The Grayling was a stanch yacht, but rather undersized for a cruise so far from port. When the wind struck her she danced lightly in the choppy seas, but as the storm developed she grew troubled and frightened.

Boggles had recovered from his feverish delirium and was rational. He heard the storm and found an atom of consolation in it. It relieved his mind of the weight pressing upon it.

For a night and day the yacht drifted. Then in the blackness of the second night the vortex of the frightful storm was reached, with the craft ill prepared to meet it.

The forward watch reported breakers ahead, and the jagged outline of rocks was seen in the distant background. The Grayling was drifting steadily toward them. It was a matter of an hour before she would strike.

Annette heard the summons to prepare for the worst. The two boats which were left would hold the crew and passengers, and there was no alternative but to trust their lives to the tender mercies of the breakers in them.

"Boggles, you must rise and go with me," Annette said. "I'll lead you. We're drifting on the rocks."

"What rocks—Straddle rocks?"

"I don't know," laughed Annette hysterically. "It would be funny if they were."

"No, ma'am, it wouldn't, for they're dangerous—very dangerous in a storm like this."

"Oh, if you could only see, Mr. Boggles, you would save us!"

"Yes, I'd save you. I know the coast."

He pressed a hand to his throbbing head.

"What rocks did you say they were?" he queried again. "How do they look—tall, ragged an' straddling, as if they wanted to block up the entrance to the cove? That's them. Yes, I know them."

"I didn't say, Mr. Boggles, what they looked"—

"Yes, I know that sound," interrupted the man suddenly. "That's off the Saddle's hump. It's three miles to the west of the entrance. I know my reckoning now. I'll take the yacht."

"Mr. Boggles, it is"— Annette started to interpose, but the old pilot was at the door of his stateroom.

"There, take those things away!" he said impatiently, stripping the bandages from his forehead. "I can't see with them on!"

Annette mechanically picked up the discarded strips of linen and followed her erstwhile patient through the door. Boggles was on deck before her. All was confusion and blackness there, but the pilot wended his way through the obstructions to the pilot house.

"I'll take her, captain, now," he announced gently. "I've got my bearings. That's the Saddle's hump, an' over there's Straddle rocks. It's nasty weather in here."

Captain Reed stared at the vision, but it was too dark to see clearly. His own nerves were considerably racked by the recent series of events, and he stepped back in something like superstition.

"Let her go ahead full speed, captain," Boggles continued. "The tide runs like blazes through these channels."

The sailors halted in their work and left the boats swinging half down the davits. Mr. Pierce shouted angrily:

"What's he doing—wrecking us on his blamed rocks?"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Pierce," Dr. Langdon said, the intuition of a vision possessing him. "He can't make matters worse."

"Isn't he blind?" snorted the owner.

"Yes, we're all blind," answered the doctor meekly.

The crash of the breakers on their right drowned all further conversation. The wind veered and shrieked a new tune, and the Grayling cleared the line of rocks by a scant yard.

"That was as close as we could run to the hump without going on," exclaimed Boggles, with both hands on the wheel.

"Now," with a sigh, "for the Straddle rocks. They're worse, much worse in this weather."

"Good God! Then we're lost," groaned Mr. Pierce. "We can't live in anything worse than that."

"Hush, papa!" whispered Annette. "I think Boggles may know."

The yacht yawed and swung wide of the next line of breakers, then faced the black towering rocks. Boggles held her steadily toward them. There was no opening. The sea dashed mountain high against their precipitous face. The white foam spattered the bow of the boat. Mr. Pierce could stand it no longer. He broke loose and shouted in a frenzy:

"We're crazy! That madman will wreck us! Take the wheel, Captain Reed! I command you! Take it!"

But the captain fumbled in speech and movements. Then he was arrested by a most violent lurch of the yacht. There was a grinding and grating of steel against an unyielding substance. Some one shrieked awfully. It seemed an eternity for the bewildered spectators, but Boggles sighed and said:

"There, we're through the Straddle now! We're safe, captain!"

The towering wall of rocks had miraculously opened, and the Grayling

"I'LL TAKE HER, CAPTAIN, NOW."

shot through a channel so narrow that her sides scraped the outer edges of the strange formation of granite. The current swept the craft forward with accelerated speed.

Then the sea lost its turbulence and the wind its power for evil. Protected on all sides by abutments of rocks, the sheltered cove was like a mill pond compared to the raging sea.

"We'll anchor here, captain," Boggles was saying. "The tide is not so swift inside the rocks, an' the bottom is sandy. I'll take a rest now. I'm tired, an' it's getting dark, very dark. I never knew the cove to be so dark before. I can hardly see the rocks. I think—I'm falling."

It was Annette's arm he clutched, and Annette and the doctor led him below to his room.

Cause and Effect.

Shakespeare saw life in large and wrote as he saw. He never "blamed it on to God." His pages are full of the inexorable sequence of cause and effect, and the swift march of deeds points the moral of individual responsibility. If things were "rotten in Denmark," it was because the fathers had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge; if Macbeth trembled at the knocking at the gate, it was because conscience doth make cowards of us all. The ghosts that haunted Bosworth field were of Richard's own creating, and Regan and Goneril, desperately dead, reap but their inevitable due. In short, Shakespeare's message is the message of a robust manhood and womanhood: Brace up, pay for what you have, do good if you wish to get good. Good or bad, shoulder the burden of your moral responsibility and never forget that cowardice is the most fatal and most futile crime in the calendar of crimes.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

—Martha Baker Dunn in Atlantic.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

The importance of knowing just what to do when one has kidney disease or urinary troubles, is best answered by the following letter which was recently published in the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., News-Press:

MILLERTON, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

"Dr. David Kennedy, Dear Sir:—For more than eighteen months I was so badly afflicted with kidney trouble I could scarcely walk a quarter of a mile without almost fainting. I did not gain any until I began to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. After using the first bottle I noticed a decided improvement which continued, and I know that

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

saved my life, for I was in a miserable condition up to the time I began to take it—my friends thought I never would be better.

My sister also has been very sick with bladder trouble for over a year, so bad that quantities of blood would come from her. She suffered at times most frightful pain, and nothing seemed to help her until she began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. She is now using her third bottle, and is like a different person.

MRS. THOMAS DYE."

Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle. Large bottles $1. All druggists

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

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Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

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(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

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Smethport, Pa

A. T. Palmer

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Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

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CASNOW

Commissioners' Sale

Of Lands Purchased at Tax Sales.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of McKean county, by virtue of the power and authority in them vested by law, will, on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1903, commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. and continuing from time to time as the Commissioners may adjourn the said sale to, sell at public sale, for the best price that can be obtained for the same the following described pieces, parcels, tracts or lots of land which have been purchased for the use of the County of McKean at Treasurers, sales of land for the non payment of taxes.

Terms of sale cash on day of sale.

ANNIN TOWNSHIP.

War.	Sub.	Acres	Owners
2145	240, 241, 284	50	C. W. Burr
3444		3	D. L. Tate
3441	182		
1688	276	41	J. C. Goding
16-173		61⅔	John Kelliher
		97 7-10	John Hungerford
		5	W. A. Hulett
3450	195, 40	77	Mrs. Doyle et al.
3450		238	H. S. Baker and M. A. Lillibridge

BRADFORD CITY.

1 Lot	No. 32 Rochester St		Mary Conlin
1 Lot	Hillside Ave		John Downey
1 Lot	No. 70 Rochester St		Sarah Mellin
1 Lot	Rochester St		A. W. Newell
1 Lot	No. 100 Fifth w.		Julia Allen
1 Lot	80-100 Fifth ward		E. F. Lingenfelter
1 Lot	No. 50-100 Fifth w		F. L. McElroy
1 Lot	100-100 Fifth w.		John J. Moriarity
1 Lot	40-185 Rockland av. 6th ward		R. Schnider
1 Lot	80-100 Rockland av. 6th ward		Mrs. F. James
1 Lot	25-100 Fifth ward Cottage Row		W. L. Dudley
1 Lot	80-100 No. 77 Rochester St.		S. J. Cronin
1 Lot	Fourth ward		John Canty
1 Lot	32-100 Third ward		Emil Johnson
1 Lot	80-125 Second w.		E. Y. White
1 Lot	80-125 Second w.		P. A. Rammell
1 Lot	80-125 Second w.		T. P. O'Day
1 Lot	80-125 Second w.		L. M. Leshone
1 Lot	116-80 Second w.		Eli Briggs

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

3005		10	Lester Sterns
3000		87	John Hungerford
		458	J. B. Eastman

CERES TOWNSHIP.

		11	Hamlin, Hamlin & Forrest
2240	266	18	J. B. Eastman
		15	Hamlin, Hamlin & Forrest

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

4910		10	Wood Bros.

ELDRED TOWNSHIP.

		20	E. S. Carpenter
		20	Henry Hamlin
4621		6	John F. Rooney
		50	John M. Schofield

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

3842		11½	F. J. Porter
3837		10	John Hungerford
3837	lot		Lewis Hooker
4335	mineral	45	A. B. Smith Chemical Co.
3481		39 3-10	T. E. & E. A. Wilson

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

2853		125	Morrison & Barthelomew
3776		½ of 171½	W. L. Barthelomew
3770		37½	John English
Morrison Tract		10	Otis Briggs
2732	26	5	J. S. Whittle
State Patent		175	Strong & Jones

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

2005		20	Eastman & Hungerford
		13½	W. W. Walker
2250		154	South Penn Oil Co
2252		40	South Penn Oil Co
2252		38	South Penn Oil Co
	Lot		James Wirtz
	Lot		Wm. Cammerer

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

2250, 2257		4	Johnson & Farrer
	House & Lot		Unknown
	Lot		John Sweeney
		40	J. E. Mullin
2278	1 lot		Joseph Flesh
		128	J. E Mullin
2260		41	S. Jewett
3437		100	Michael Flaherty
		25	J. E. Mullin
3003		25	Cable & Mitchell
	Lot		Walter Fisk
2274		25	Michael Flaherty
3432	10	100	John O'Connor

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.

2820		10	J. H. Carey
2827, 2844		201	J. G. Bradley
2670	410	17½	Smethport Extract Co.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

3478		11½	J. W. Venters
	10	20	E. E. Crosley.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

		25	D. W. Whipple
		10	Whitefall
	1 square 33-100		Ward & Dibble
	1 square 20-35		Burdet Wilson
	1 square 25-100		Thompson
		25	Hunt & Co
		20	Hunt & Co
		19	Haymaker
		18	Drummond & Co
	1 square 60-100		H. F. Baker
	1 square 50-100		J. H. Baker
4000		11	Stewart & McDonald
		15	Grove, Hunt & Co
4882		4	D. W. Blakeslee
3978		4½	J. T. Johnson
4006		6	H. Hamilton
4889		5	W. M. Blakely
3864		7	Clark & Foster
4888		5	Walter J. Crawford
	House & Lot		C. W. Crawford
3978	½ of 6 7-10		J. T. Johnston
3995		8	W. E. Potter & Co
	1 Lot		P. Rorepaugh
2212		¼	Hale & Reily.
		50	South Penn Oil Co
3451	303	30	H. & B. D. Hamlin
5019		4	Bartlett & Smith
4003		10	J. E. Mullin
		50	J. E. Mullin
		5	J. E. Mullin
		38	J. E. Mullin
		44	Eastman & Hungerford
		50	J. E. Mullin
3979		10	Potts & Slyke
3995		14	H. Bradley
4893		5	H. H. Hughes
4004		8	Jethro Warren
		8	R. H. Gibson
3978		5	W. A. Hulett
3978		10	W. A. Hulett
3854		3	W. A. Hulett
Barden Lot		25	W. A. Hulett
4918		5	W. A. Hulett
4893		10	W. A. Hulett
2221	277	22	Charles Walcott
2221	276	80	Wetter Estate
	2 square 30-90		I. G. Vanhouse

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JOHN A. PETERSON,
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to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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I am always headquarters.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

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Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water, St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

IMPORTANT NEWS

We have just received a supply of

LIQUID VENEER

The great cleaner and renewer of Furniture, Pianos and Woodwork.

IN THE NEW SIZE

25c. BOTTLES.

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT.

Eminent Doctors Praise Its Ingredients.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn Root (*Helonias Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator * * * makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "In Helonias we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhœa; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding), due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhœa (suppressed or absent monthly periods), arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anæmia (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * * and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It is *universally* regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 8, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Richard Koenig and John Connolly have accepted positions in the Brewer Hotel at Mt. Jewett.

—A Wellsboro girl drove a tramp from her home at the point of a revolver recently, but after the hobo had made good his escape the girl fainted and was found in that condition later by her father.

—During the year of 1905, the oil fields of the United States produced 134,717,580 barrels of petroleum, as against 117,080,960 barrels in 1904. This production was greater by 17,636,620 barrels than that of any previous year.

—A Springfield man, says an exchange who was very fond of fishing was enjoying great sport. At night he went to the telegraph office to report his good luck to his wife, sending this message: "I've got one, weighs seven pounds and it's a beauty." His wife sent a reply: "So have I. Weighs ten pounds. Isn't a beauty. Looks like you."

—Anna Mosier, a German girl who came from the old country three months ago, and Rudolph Weinhofer, a thrifty young merchant of Braddock, were introduced Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, about 8 o'clock, became engaged within the hour and were married in Pittsburg the next day. That's the kind of romance to encourage. It saves livery bills, lovers' quarrels, theatre tickets, the obnoxious attentions of rivals, the purchase of costly presents and many other foolish concomitants of prolonged courtships.—Bradford Era.

—There is a queer case of a Swedish lawyer named G. Husoline, of Stockholm, Sweden, who is trying to find another Swedish man named Axle, who has been left $100,000. The lawyer was in Smethport the other day but finding no trace of the man, he left for Mt. Jewett where he will look for him and if he does not find him there he will go to Kane. He has already traced Axle from Vermont to southern New York and into Pennsylvania. It is believed that Axle is a common laborer who roams about working in the woods and doing odd jobs. The inheritance will be a wind fall to him.—Bradford Star.

Original of "Uncle Toby."

Captain Roger Sterne, the father of the author of "Tristram Shandy," was the original of Uncle Toby. As captain of Chudleigh's regiment of foot, a marching regiment ever on the move, Roger Sterne and his family tasted the most varied military and domestic experiences in Flanders, at Gibraltar and finally at Jamaica, where the old campaigner died of "country fever." A simple minded, good natured, but shiftless and rather peppery Irishman, Roger bore his disappointment bravely and carried his load of debt with a light heart. "My father," says Sterne, "was of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one, so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose." Such a character and such a father supplied the germ from which the genius of the son developed his conception of one of the most perfect and delightful portraits in the gallery of English fiction.

Can You Pronounce Them?

He had just returned from England, where he had hobnobbed, he claimed, with the nobility.

"I have here," he said, taking a notebook from his pocket, "a list of English names that are not pronounced as they are spelled. This list will surprise you. You will see from it that all your life you have pronounced wrong such names as Leveson-Gower, Glamis, Carew, St. Leger, Hawarden, Pontefract, and so on."

He then read off the following odd list, giving, first, the words themselves, and, second, their right pronunciation:

Bertie.	Bartie.
Pontefract.	Pomfret.
Innis-Ker.	Ins-Kar.
Verpey.	Varney.
Berkeley.	Barkly.
Pole-Carew.	Pole-Carey.
Jervis.	Jarvis.
St. Leger.	Silleger.
Pepys.	Peeps.
Duisell.	Deal.
Glamis.	Glawms.
Hawarden.	Horden.
Malnwaring.	Mannering.
Beauchamp.	Beecham.
Beaulieu.	Beely.
St. John.	Sinjohn.

"I always knew," he concluded, "that Cholmondeley was Chumley and Derby Darby, but who would ever have imagined that Carew was Carey, Glamis Glawms or Pontefract Pomfret?"

Why She Left.

Mistress—But, bless me, why are you leaving us, Mary? I'm sure I do all the work. The General Servant—Yes, ma'am, but I don't like the way you do it.—Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin.

A Farce Reformer.

The people of the Faroe islands cling to their old customs and see little good in change, says the author of "The Faroes and Iceland." "It is now and then one of them does a conservative reformer. Such was an old man of Stromo who, in his youth, had learned cabinetmaking in Copenhagen, then had been a blacksmith in New South Wales and later a marine in the Danish navy during the Sleswick-Holstein war. Having thus traveled far beyond the wildest dreams of his countrymen, he returned while still a comparatively young man to Stromo and invested his savings in a home. Conservative though he appeared to outlanders, to the islanders he was a reckless innovator. He roofed his house with slate instead of with the traditional turf, but could find none to follow his example. They shook their heads in doubt. He argued vainly with them against the habit of throwing fish cleanings into the brook and getting drinking water lower down. The only advice they would accept from him—and that after long hesitation—was to boil their fish all outdoors instead of in the living room. But when this terrible innovator heard from a visitor that women rode bicycles in England he was so astonished that he asserted confidently that the world could not last much longer."

The Old Roman Epicures.

Almost any dish which had to recommend it rarity, costliness, indigestibility and, to our way of thinking, nastiness was sure to take with the Roman epicure. And if he were unable to make it costly any other way he would add powdered precious stones or gold dust. Nero dined on one occasion from a peacock which was sprinkled with diamond dust, and specimens of that bird dressed with gold or with crushed pearls were by no means a rarity at the triclinia of the moneyed Romans. A dish of parrots' tongues was a great delicacy. But a dish of parrots' tongues which had been capable, when in their proper place, of framing words was of almost incalculable value, which increased in a direct ratio with the vocabularies of the defunct parrots. Another bird for which the Roman epicure was in the habit of paying fabulous prices was the phenicoptrix, which is believed to have been the ptarmigan. It had its home in the most northerly parts of Scotland and Norway, and as this made it hard to get at the Romans appreciated it all the more and put it in the same rank with ostriches, buzzards and peacocks. The tongues of these birds were specially prepared, together with the brains, and took the place which a hors d'oeuvre would now take.

The Words on a Cigar Box.

What mean the various words which are stamped on the lid and sides of a cigar box? These are not mere fancy names, but terms actually descriptive of the cigar. On the lid is the name of the cigar. The front of the box describes the shape and size, as "conchas," "reina," "regalias," which state the shape, and "perfecto infantes," "princesses," which signify the size. These may be combined, as "conchas especiales," "conchas finas," to state both shape and size. At the back of the box, where the lid turns over, is stamped the quality of the cigar—"superfina," "fina," "flor," "superior" and "bueno," being the terms in the descending scale. The color of the cigar is declared on the right hand side or end of the box. "Claro" signifies the lightest colored, "colorado claro" rather dark, "colorado" dark, "colorado maduro" darker, "maduro" very dark, "oscuro" extremely dark, "negro" darkest.

Hours of Sleep.

The belief that the hours of sleep should be artificially restricted is contrary to ordinary good sense. If the human body does not need sleep for the upbuilding of its tissues it will not call for it. A rule of health which cannot be wrong is to sleep if possible as long as any inclination for it exists. The erroneous view on this subject is undoubtedly due to the fact that when the mind and body are thoroughly rested it is often difficult to arouse the mind from its comfortable lethargy. On the other hand, the man who is under a mental strain and sleeps only five or six hours at night is keen and alert soon after awakening. But it is an unhealthy activity. His nerves are at a high tension. He is on edge, so to speak. Such a strain long continued results inevitably in a nervous breakdown.—Cleveland Leader.

Lightning's Course.

"On the water," said a grizzled old bayman who stood smoking his corncob and surveying the bay the other day, "when you see a thunder storm rising you want to keep an eye on the lightning. If you see it in the distance striking down further and further to the right from where you first saw it or further and further to the left, this indicates that the storm is working to the right or to the left, and it may pass around you. But if you see it all the time coming down in the same place and at the same time getting brighter and brighter, why, that indicates that it's coming straight toward you, and this is the time, son, when you want to make for home or get your sail and make everything snug till the storm passes over."—Exchange.

The Human Head.

An Irishman once defined the human head as "a bulbous excrescence, of special use to many as a peg for hanging a hat on, as a barber's block for supporting wigs, as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet, as a snuffbox or a chatterbox, as a machine for fitting into a halter or guillotine, as a receptacle for freaks, fancies, follies, passions, prejudices, predilections—for anything, in short, but brains."

Into the Next Day.

"When I leave you tonight," said Mr. Staylate, "I hope you"—

"Gracious! Are you coming again tonight?" exclaimed Miss Patience Gonne.

Then for the first time the proximity of the dawn dawned on him and he lit out.—Exchange.

Holiday Crowds.

For some men it is sufficient recreation to have no work. The moment that the "knapsack of custom" falls from their backs they are happy. Not to wake in the morning with the thought of what must be done in the day is in itself a sufficient recreation. Naturally, they have no very definite taste in holidays. They go where it costs their purses or their wives or their children. To such men, though they may spend all their working days in the thick of a town, the sight of nature never becomes a necessity. It is a luxury, an agreeable augmentation of the sense of doing nothing. A holiday taker of this type very often goes to a watering place, one of those resorts which it is now the fashion for cultivated people to despise. Such contempt is affectation. A number of happy people create, no doubt, an exhilarating atmosphere. Well behaved pleasure seekers make an agreeable and ever changing picture. A well kept public garden, a good band and a fine view form attractions which no continental affects to despise, and English people do not despise it either if only the brightly dressed crowd should happen to talk in a foreign tongue.—London Spectator.

The Englishman Abroad.

An English observer says that he finds the American abroad both civil and genial: "I climbed to the top of Notre Dame in Paris and found there a party from across the Atlantic enjoying lunch. The day was hot, and a young man in the group offered me a refreshing drink. At the top of the lacework in marble which is the spire of Milan cathedral three English speaking men met accidentally—an American, an English clergyman and myself. He who hailed from the land of the stars and stripes offered me his fieldglass; the other did not even return our good morning salutation. In a beer garden at Lucerne I followed the custom of the continent and asked permission before sitting at a table of those already seated there. The only one who did not raise his hat and reply was an Englishman, and the only one to make excuses for him was a young man who prefixed his words with 'I guess.'"

Sex and Rebirth.

The theories concerning the possibility of our having previously existed seem to be endless. Of them all I think the one best which suggests that sex is reversed at rebirth and that when we turn up sons after we previously existed we do so either as men or women according to whether we were women or men aforetime. This largely accounts for the suffragette and for the long haired, thin voiced creatures who potter around boudoirs, play the piano like "sweetly pretty" things and call themselves men. Presumably the best material of which we were fashioned then is now used in our composition, for the most manly women and effeminate men generally have some good points about them. But if one is to keep on performing these Protean feats through all ages it hardly seems worth while worrying over sex problems. It seems to me, in the long run, that we shall each get about equal, according to this arrangement.—London World.

The Remarkable Rhea.

"The rhea of South America is a remarkable bird," said an ornithologist. The male rhea hatches out the eggs. He and not the female is the setter. He sets always in a quiet and desolate place, where there is no food, nothing to attract enemies, and as soon as the young are born the question is how to feed them. The rhea answers that question in advance. Three or four days before the eggs are to open he shoves a couple of them out of the nest with his bill and lays them in the sun. What is the result? The result is that the hot South African sun decomposes the eggs, and the father breaks them as the young birds begin to appear in the nest, and the flies settle on them and in twenty-four hours they are alive with worms—tender, juicy, delicious worms, the best food in the world for the nest of new born birdlings."

Garrick as Author.

Writing of Garrick's literary efforts, I suppose not every one knows that he was the author of such well known lines as:

Their cause I plead, plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.

Or this again:

Let others hail the rising sun;
I bow to that whose course has run.

Or again:

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.

But I suppose every one knows his epigram on Goldsmith, "who wrote like an angel and talk'd like poor Poll," an epigram that conveyed only half the truth, as Garrick would have been one of the first to admit.—London Sphere.

Habit.

Habit is one of the world's controlling influences. More men are swayed by force of habit, unconsciously perhaps, than any other motive. The habit of doing certain things in a certain way grows from beginnings so small as to be scarcely noticeable until it forms a chain that can scarcely be broken. The habit of right or wrong doing becomes a master, and a more exacting master could not be found.—Brockton Times.

His Sorrow.

Maud (newly married)—You look very melancholy, George. Are you sorry you married me? George—No, dear, of course not. I was only thinking of all the nice girls I can't marry. Maud—Oh, George, how horrid of you! I thought you cared for nobody but me? George—Neither do I. I wasn't thinking of myself, but of the disappointment for them.

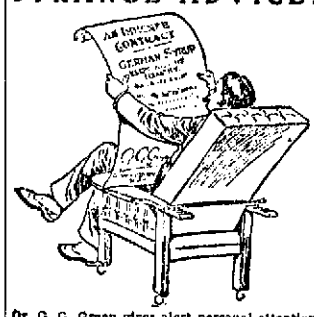
Too Fast.

"What's become of that brother-in-law of yours?" asked the old friend. "He had a bright future before him."

"Yes, he had," sighed the other old friend, "but he outran it."

A small cloud may hide both sun and moon.—Danish Proverb.

STRANGE ADVICE!



Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. G. Wells.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Society

delights in all kinds of good things. They know them when they see them and are willing to pay for them.

ELEGANT

PLUMBING

that's thoroughly sanitary is what society demands. They get it from us and at such reasonable rates it makes them happy to pay the bill. Whoever employed us won't want to go elsewhere.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

BOTH 'PHONES. RUSH'N BLD'G Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. RACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 8, 1906

HATS off to Congressman Barclay.

HEARST and his millions were defeated in New York but it was a close battle at that.

HON. JAMES A. MCKEAN may well feel proud of the large vote he received in this borough and throughout the county.

GABLE, state chairman of the Lincoln party, was among the "also rans." He was defeated for the office of State Senator from Philadelphia.

THE Grand Old Party has won another great victory in this State and the opposition has not even the consolation of crying fraud, thanks to the new registration law.

HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD was elected by a very creditable plurality when it is considered that Mr. Emery and his henchmen used every available means to bring about his defeat.

A PROMINENT Emery supporter of the borough stated Tuesday that Emery buttons would be worth a dollar apiece Wednesday morning. "Aint it funny what a difference just a few hours will make?"

MRS. EDGAR W. NYE, widow of the late "Bill" Nye, the famous humorist, died on Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E W. Pharr, at Avocak plantation near Morgan City, La. Mrs. Nye was 56 years old.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and the administration have been upheld. A few Republican Congressmen have been lost but there is still a good Republican majority in the House and a continuation of the President's principles may be looked for.

MCKEAN COUNTY was certainly good to Lewis Emery, Jr. But in many other counties where his followers hoped to win, expected to win and said they would win, their fondest hopes were not realized but instead handsome majorities were rolled up for Edwin S. Stuart and the G. O. P.

WORD was sent from Bradford Tuesday noon that R. P. Habgood was urging his friends to cut James A. McKean, in the hope that Mr. McKean would use his influence against Mr. Habgood here, but this "reform" scheme did not work and Mr. McKean remained loyal and Mr. Habgood got a handsome vote here.

THE great Republican victory in Philadelphia reflects great credit to the Philadelphia Inquirer which was the only newspaper in that city which stood by the Grand Old Party. Edwin S. Stuart carried that city by about 30 000 and Samuel P. Rotan, Republican candidate for district attorney, defeated Mr. Gibboney by 20,000 or better.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3, 1906.

It is the concensus of opinion that the speech of Secretary Root delivered at Utica on Thursday night, marks the turning point in the New York campaign. It has always been known that Mr. Root was an effective speaker, but it was hardly believed by anyone that, as the messenger of the President, he would "cut loose" as he did in his New York utterance and put such an everlasting quietus on any claims of Mr. Hearst to be considered as standing in the same class and fighting for the same principles with President Roosevelt.

There was more than usual interest in this speech in Washington because it was known that Secretary Root went to New York especially as the mouthpiece of the President, and it was known that anything he had to say in connection with the New York campaign could be taken as coming direct from the White House. Lest there should be any doubt about this, Mr. Root took the trouble to reiterate half a dozen times through his speech that he was speaking on authority direct from the President. The speech in all probability will go down in history as the most finished piece of hair-raising, hide-removing, vitriolic English that has ever been dispersed by a Cabinet officer in a campaign of national importance.

Mr. Root commenced his speech with the definition of a demagogue. He warned his hearers that the man who cried loudest "stop thief" was as likely as not himself a thief, and he went on to prove that Mr. Hearst answered precisely this description. He went at some length into the achievements of the Republican party under President Roosevelt's leadership in the passage of the Rate Bill, the Pure Food Law, the Meat Inspection Law, the prosecution of the Fertilizer Trust, the Salt Trust, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway, the Retail Grocers Association, the Druggists Combine and half a dozen other trade-restraining combinations. Then he assured his hearers that the Beef Trust case was by no means finished and that the immunity found by the packers under Judge Humphrey's decision was only temporary and would not permanently avail them.

With courtesy that Mr. Hearst himself has not shown in many of his public utterances, Mr. Root forbore to refer to Mr. Hearst's private life, saying merely that there were no life long friends and intimates who had come forward to testify to the correctness of his personal conduct. But the Secretary did exhaust the subject when he turned to Mr. Hearst's public utterances and the effect that was to be expected from such inflammatory publications as were to be habitually found in all of the Hearst newspapers.

He did much worse than this, for he read extracts from Mr. Hearst's various journals in which leading men, both of the Republican and Democratic parties, had been unmercifully lampooned, and then as a clinching argument, he read the now notorious editorial which had called for the assassination of President McKinley not long prior to the actual event. With bitterness that was fully justified by the occasion, he declared that this publication undoubtedly swayed the weak mind of Czolgos when he fired the fatal shot and unhesitatingly he characterized Mr. Hearst as not guiltless for this cowardly murder.

He pictured the newly arrived immigrant as being inflamed against the government of the United States when he daily found that government held up to ridicule and condemnation in the columns of the Hearst papers, and he appealed to every decent man in the State of New York to cast his vote against this fomenter of public strife and degrader of decent and rational government.

In conclusion, that there might be no doubt as to the source of his inspiration, he read an extract from President Roosevelt's message decrying the assassination of McKinley and said, "In this utterance President Roosevelt had in mind none other than William Randolph Hearst, and I say to you that what he thought of him then, he thinks of him still."

The speech had been looked forward to for almost a week, and it was expected that it would be a bombshell in the Hearst camp. But no one imagined that it could be so sensational and so scathing as it actually proved to be. It is believed that the President has effectually quieted any further claims of Mr. Hearst to administration commendation, and the utterance is likely to go down in history as one of the most remarkable speeches that American politics have ever brought forth.

Considerable regret is felt in the Treasury Department and in other government circles in Washington over the coming resignation of Assistant Secretary Keep, who will retire from the service of the Treasury Department and go into private business. Mr. Keep is known all over the country, not only because he is a close personal friend of the President, but more on account of his having been the head of the famous Keep Commission which is now trying to straighten out the Departmental affairs of the government and get them running more along ordinary business-like lines. This Commission has an immense amount of work in front of it, and it has called into its service subcommittees of young men from all the Federal Departments and is preparing a series of reports that will result in very largly re-organizing the government service so far as the methods of keeping records, books and accounts are concerned. It is an immense work and one that has been very much in need of doing for years past.

Mr. Keep is personally one of the very wealthy young men of the administration, and he has stayed in the government service at considerable personal sacrifice. He was recently made the executor of a very large estate, and this in addition to his other personal obligations will compel him to quit the service of the government.

Plans have been opened at the Navy Department for the construction of the new monster battleship for which it is hoped the next Congress will appropriate. The ship is to outclass the famous English Dreadnaught, and will cost inclusive of armament and armor about ten million dollars. Two plans were submitted by the Construction Bureau of the Navy Department and four came from outside shipbuilding firms. Nothing definite has been given out by the Department as to the details of the plan, but it is known that the tonnage will be something over 20,000, while the speed will be that of a first-class cruiser.

The War Department is looking anxiously for news from Wyoming, where the latest Indian war has been raging on paper with very little bloodshed for over two weeks. The campaign so far has fallen largely to the credit of the Indians, and while there may be a serious outcome in the shape of one or two sharp fights, the older officers of the department cannot help smiling at the way the Utes have so far outgeneraled the regular troops sent against him.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

GOOD CARPETS, RUGS AND LACE CURTAINS, at Very Small Sums.

At this time of the year the stores are filled with Fall merchandise. It's no time for "Special Sales."

Nevertheless, here is the unexpected—new carpets, rugs and lace curtains just received from the best makers and importers, at prices which are really sale prices, so small are they. Come—the offerings are unusual—it's really a good opportunity to save hard dollars. Price until 10th of month.

RUGS.

$15,00 Tapestry Rug 9x12, Sale price $11.95.
$25.00 Axminster Rug 9x12, Sale price $19.50
$30.00 Axminster Rug 9x12, Sale price $22.50
$35.00 Body Brussels 9x12, Sale price $27.50
$50.00 Wilton Rug 9x12, Sale price $40.00
$60.00 French Wilton Rug 9x12, Sale price $52.00
$2.50 Axminster Rug 29x63, sale price $1.98

CARPETS.

$1.50 Axminster Carpet $1.25 $1.00 Axminster Carpet 89c
$1.25 Axminster Carpet 98c $1.25 Velvet Carpet 89c
$1.35 Velvet Carpet 1.19

INGRAIN CARPET.

35c Carpet at 22c 40c Carpet at 27c 50c Carpet at 39c
60c Carpet at 50c 75c Carpet at 65c 85c Carpet at 75c
$1.00 Carpet at 85c

LACE CURTAINS.

$1.00 Curtains 75c $1.50 Curtain $1.25 $2.00 Curtains $1.50
$3.00 Curtains $2.50 $4.00 Curtain $3.50
$5.00 Curtains $4.25

WALL PAPER

We save you money on every roll of paper you buy. Our prices per roll border to match range 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c, 14c, 16c, 20c, 25c.

BELL BROS.

The leading Dry Goods, Carpet & Furniture House of Southwestern N. Y.

OLEAN'S BEST FURNITURE AND WALL PAPER STORE.

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY?

THIS store is run with the idea of making money just the same as any other business, but we are satisfied with a smaller profit than most stores. We claim to sell just as cheap as any city store or catalog house, and you can see before you buy. We pack and pay freight on all purchases of $5 or over. If you purchase $25 we allow railroad fare one way; on $50 we allow railroad fare both ways. This is no extra expense to you and you have the advantage of our large assortment and low prices.

OUR stock of Furniture, Wall Papers and Pictures is the largest in this city and our prices the lowest. Perhaps we are new to you, but we refer to any number of pleased customers in Olean and nearby towns. The owner of this store has been connected with other Olean stores for the past 25 years and knows the wants of this trade thoroughly. All we ask is a look, no obligation to buy, but we feel certain you can supply your furniture needs here to the best advantage. Remember our location, directly opposite the handsome new Exchange Bank building. The only furniture store on your left as you come up town from railroad station.

W. L. CRANNELL,

Olean's Best Furniture and Wall Paper Store. Fine Picture Framing.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Thursday, November 15, 1906, by S. C. Keen, James Randall, Frank Waldin, A. B. Crandall, J. F. Yeager, H. Reed, I. F. Goshorn, W. J. Johnson and A. A. Mitchell, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "Hasehurst Land Improvement Company," the character and object of which is the purchase and sale of real estate, or for holding, leasing and selling real estate, and for these purposes to have, posess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GALLUP & BOUTON,
Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., October 24, 1906.

Notice of Application of Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by Elmer E. Kerns, J. H. Martindale and F. O. Richmond to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 20th day of November, at 10 o'clock, under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the several supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Kerns Specialty Manufacturing Company, the character and object of which is the manufacture and sale of gas valves, burners, fittings and other specialties of a similar character, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges by said Act of Assembly and Supplements thereto conferred.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Solicitors.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MR. H. W. RUBIN has been in New York City on a purchasing trip. The newest and most up to date goods are arriving daily. Look our new stuff over before going elsewhere.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

MONTHLY STYLE BOOK FREE.

TAKING INVENTORY.

Therefore I have discontinued the pre-inventory sale of 10 per cent discount, taking effect October 1.

Although while taking this inventory, we have fixed up a bargain counter, on which are placed some very good bargains, reduced in prices, below their value.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Fall and Winter Waists

New styles of Winter Waists in a variety of colorings and materials which is unsurpassed.

These are all fresh from the factory which guarantees the fit of each garment. In price we will please you. Ask to see them.

Voile suits and skirts are among the leaders in the Coat Department. Prices: Suits $25 to $40. Skirts $12.50 to $30.

Special Line of Children's Coats for Saturday Selling.

$4.00

Stevens' Single Barrel Breech Loading

SHOTGUN.

Choke Bored for Nitro Powder.

A HIGH-CLASS GUN IN EVERY RESPECT.

Don't pay 1c before you see this gun. Come to our store, take it in your hands and look it over. If you don't like it hand it back. If it suits you pay us $4.00 and the gun is yours. There are no express charges to pay; no chances to take. You see before you buy and if it is not right we are right here to make it right.

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 8, 1900.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Tuesday was an ideal election day.

—Read the new ad. of the Lindholm Company in this issue.

—Mrs. E. R. Baker entertained the Ten Club Monday evening.

—Monheimer's version of a shirt tale can be read in his ad. on this page.

—Bell Bros. of Olean have an interesting advertisement on another page that should be read by all.

—The MINER is indebted to the Bradford Star for the pictures of the successful candidates used in this issue.

—It is now claimed that the Atlantic City railroad wreck last week was due to the carelessness of the bridge tender.

—A black silk boa was found near the Shawmut tracks and owner can have same by calling at the Commercial House.

—The slate roof is being put on the new St. Elizabeth's church this week and in a few days the outside construction will be finished.

—Persons who were awarded premiums at the fair can secure the money for premiums by calling on B. T. Garlick at the gas office.

—Republicans of this borough are busy gathering in their election bills just now. It is said that about $3000 changed hands on the result.

—N. P. L. members are urgently requested to be present at the meeting Saturday evening, Nov. 10, to make arrangements to organize a degree team.

—At St. Lukes church on next Sunday, the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Service and Sunday school at All Saints, East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m.

—The excavating for the new Grange National Bank is finished and they have commenced hauling material for the erection of the building. The work of construction will be rushed as rapidly as possible.

—Miss Carrie Dickenson entertained a number of young ladies at her home last evening. The party was in the nature of a masquerade, each of the young ladies being dressed to represent the male persuasion. Fun reigned until a late hour and a pleasant evening it was to all.

—The officers and several members of the Women's Literary Club of Bradford were guests of the Traveler's Club yesterday afternoon at St. Luke's parish house. Papers were read by members of each organization and an instructive and helpful afternoon passed by all. Refreshments were also served.

—It is said that a partridge played a mean trick on Guy McCoy the other day when he was out hunting, but as the Grand Masticating Frog is very kind hearted he allowed the bird to escape with its life.

—Mr. I. Weisberg and Miss Elizabeth Weiner of Philadelphia were united in marriage at the home of the bride on Sunday last. The bride formerly lived in Kane and has visited the Misses Rubin here. Her many friends in this place extend congratulations.

—A crowd of young people of this borough drove to the home of Ezekiel Comes in Keating township Monday evening where they enjoyed a husking bee. They returned home at a late hour tired and weary but satisfied that Mr. Comes and family are hospitable entertainers.

—An Indian came to town Saturday with the body of a black bear shot by him at Willow Creek. The bear weighed nearly 300 pounds. Dave Walters has a half dozen bear traps "loaded" in that neighborhood. Bears are said to be plentiful thereabouts this fall.—Bradford Star.

—There was more money wagered in this borough on the account of Tuesday's election than has been placed on any election in many years. Nearly everybody who ever wagered a cent on anything placed bets on their favorites. Even the gentler sex indulged in the sport. One young lady won $20 so we are told.

—Travelers can now go from Warren to Chicago by electric railways. The traveler takes a car for Jamestown, from there to Westfield, thence to Erie, to Cleveland and from that point he may take one of the several lines direct to Chicago. In a few years it will be possible to ride from Chicago to New York by trolley.

—Now that election is over this paper will pay more attention to local news. For the past several weeks much of the space has been used to advance the ideas of Republicanism and to help the several candidates on the ticket. This has, we think, been of necessity, but it is over now and our attention will be lent to good, readable news.

—The local Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, will give a masquerade ball Thanksgiving night at the Smethport Lyceum. A costumer with a complete assortment of costumes will be here from Buffalo for this occasion. Chadwick's orchestra has been engaged for the occasion and all who attend are assured of an unusually good time.

—O. A. Shaw, a Frenchman, who follows the occupation of chef, has been in town several days looking for his wife. Shaw says his wife was supposed to have came to this place a month ago and that he has written letters and sent money to her here but that he has heard nothing from her. He is positive that she is either in Smethport or the immediate vicinity and he is making a careful search for his wife.

A good woman of a prominent church in DuBois advertised to give an ice cream supper and that all the women would wear bloomers. The men turned out, including a hundred old sinners who had not been inside a church since they were christened. The woman kept her word, but the "bloomers" were red roses pinned to their belts.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Dolka-Johnson.—At the M. E. parsonage, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 18, 1884, by Rev. E. P. Hubbel, Mr. Riere A. Dolka and Miss Matilda Johnson, both of Norwich, Pa.

The bear, Sam Rockwell's bear, the bear that "went over the mountain," has been captured. Last Wednesday, (Aug. '84) Henry Herring, while picking berries on the side of the hill back of town, heard his dog barking and on investigating found that he had a bear up a tree. Henry came out to the clearing and began calling for a gun. In less than ten minutes about a dozen men and lively boys started up the hill, little Fred Brownell taking the lead with a gun and George Williams a good second. After passing the quarter mile pole (the fence nearest the woods) Brownell weakened, but he handed the rifle to "Doc" Burdick who had gained second place in the race. Burdick proceeded to the spot, and after giving the weapon to Herring, hurriedly climbed a sapling that stood nearby, muttering and mumbling something about "Now I lay me down to sleep," but before he could finish the little verse, Henry dispatched brain by putting a ball between his eyes. Ev. Chadwick purchased the carcass and will have it mounted and add it to his already large collection.

Oosterhoudt-Hubbel.—At the residence of the bride's parents at Olean, N. Y., August 26, 1884, by Rev E. P. Hubbel of this place, Mr. Wallace Oosterhoudt and Miss Sarah Hubbel, sister of the officiating clergyman, both of Olean N. Y.

Laraway-Stark.—At the M. E. parsonage, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 28, 1884, by Rev. E. P. Hubbel, Mr. Elmer E. Laraway of Smethport, and Miss Dora E. Stark of Keating, Pa.

Martin.—At his residence near Clermont, on September 11, 1884, of cholera morbus, John Martin, aged 37 years.

Mr. Martin was born at Teutonia, formerly a German settlement on the hill just south of the present site of Clermont, on the 4th day of April, 1847. He was a son of John Martin, who died a few years ago, and a nephew of Adam Martin, now living on his farm in Sergeant township, who were two of the original members of the Teutonia settlement. The deceased was married on the 11th day of September, 1873, to Lena Hafner, just six years before the date of his death. He leaves a wife and two children, a boy and a girl, to mourn his untimely loss. John Martin inherited the characteristic traits of his father's family, which in the highest sense represents strict integrity, the conscientious discharge of every duty, and the christian maxim of "doing unto others as you would have others do unto you." His death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. Heber McCandless, the masonic fraternity of which Mr. Martin was a consistent member, taking charge of the funeral obsequies.

One of the most daring robberies that ever took place in this section of the country occurred at Eldred Wednesday, September 11, 1884. Shortly after the closing hour of the bank, the cashier, Pitt O. Heasley, and the clerk, A. R. Sloan, were putting away the money which lay piled up on the counter when Heasley heard a sharp click at his ear and turning around saw a man leveling a revolver at his head.

"Hands up" was the command of the burglar, which was at once obeyed. He then went to the counter and rolled up the bills and loose change, put it in his pocket and backed out into the directors' room where he escaped through the window. The cashier and clerk were so completely paralyzed with fear that they did not sound an alarm until too late to apprehend the robber.

Suspicion at first pointed to one "Black Tom" or Thomas McKeon, but later developments have proven that it was not him. Up to the present writing no trace or clue has been found that will lead to the villain's discovery. The robber secured about $2500.

Parsons-Anderson.—At the Baptist parsonage, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 16, 1884, by Rev. F. H. Gates, Peter Parsons and Johanna Anderson, both of Smethport.

Evans-Jacquett.—At the Baptist parsonage, Smethport, Sept. 17, 1884, by Rev. F. H. Gates, Silas E. Evans of Smethport, and Miss E. Jacquett of Clermont, Pa.

Ferman-Farrier.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Pierce Brook, September 21, 1884, by M. N. Allen, Esq., Belva Ferman of Colden, N. Y., and Augusta Farrier.

The five mile race which took place at the skating rink Wednesday, October 7, 1884, was very exciting and closely contested. There were five entries as follows: E. M. Kerns, Clarence Moses, Chas. Goodrich, Chas. Baker and Alfred Kidder. Baker and Kidder each lost a skate and withdrew on the third mile. The finish was very close between Kerns and Moses, the latter coming in a little ahead. On account of a foul the purse was divided between them.

Personal Mention.

Miss Rachel Rubin is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

James Biggins of Eldred was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Comes were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner of Bradford visited in town this week.

C. C. Choate came up from Folsom, W. Va., to cast his ballot.

Miss Pearl Houghtaling of Ridgway is visiting the Misses Abbey.

Hon. Lucius Rogers of Kane is transacting business in town to-day.

W. H. Upper was over from Port Allegany Tuesday greeting friends.

Mesdames John Clark and Charles McKean were Buffalo visitors this week.

Hon. J. W. Bouton returned Saturday from Beaver, where he had been holding court.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris returned Saturday evening from a weeks visit in Buffalo and Medina.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Jelliffe of Olean were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Panconst over Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and Mrs. J. H. Mc Candless were visitors in Buffalo this week.

W. W. White of Bradford, John O. Looker of Rixford and Matthew Burns of Bradford were among the business visitors in town yesterday.

Mrs. O. H. Barker returned from Buffalo on Tuesday where she attended the funeral of Lewis Leist, husband of Mrs. Bernadine Leist of New York, who is a cousin of Mrs. Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lindsley leave this afternoon for Corning, N. Y., called by the serious illness of Mr. Lindsley's brother, Halsey Lindsley, who suffered a stroke of paralysis last week.

Preventics, as the name implies, prevents all Colds and Grippe when "taken at the sneeze stage."

Preventics are toothsome candy tablets. Preventics dissipate all colds quickly, and taken early, when you first feel that a cold is coming, they check and prevent them. Preventics are thoroughly safe for children and as effectual for adults. Sold and recommended in 5 and 25 cent boxes by all dealers.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. RUBIN, Smethport, Pa.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosophate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES, Smethport, Pa.

Be up to date and get your Potato Crates at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Good shoes. "Packard shoes." At Lindholm's.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoe for Men at Rubin's.

New Spring Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

A SHIRT TALE.

Many are the tales told you by merchants about Shirt Bargains. But you need not listen to a Shirt Tale here. Simply look at our window display of soft bosom negligee

Shirts at 50c each

which tell their own tale. Entirely new patterns, splendid material and good fitting shirts Sold in many stores at 75c and $1 but here they are yours for

50c

SIZES 14 to 17.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES.

Exclusive Agents for Monarch & Cluett Shirts & Arrow Brand Collars

Monarch Shirts.

We are making this week a window display of the latest fashion ideas in furnishings for men. Your particular attention is directed to our line of Monarch and Cluett shirts for fall. Never before have we been able to show such big values in Dollar, Dollar Fifty and Two Dollar shirts as we offer to-day. This if you are a wearer of Monarch Shirts is a statement sufficient in itself to bring you to this store to replenish your stock.

Monarch Shirts are the equal in cut, fit, workmanship and materials of the best custom made article and sell at half the price. A trial will convince you. Then there's the cent cut which you will find most highly perfected in the Monarch and Cluett make.

MONARCH SHIRTS—Oxfords and Madras - - $1.00

Detached Cuffs and Attached Cuffs Coat Style.

CLUETT SHIRTS—Oxfords, Madras and Flannels $1.50 and $2.00

Attached Cuffs Coat Style, Soft Cuffs without Collar, Soft Cuffs and Negligee Collar.

NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, ARROW BRAND COLLARS, Etc.

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

MILLINERY AND CLOAKS

We are showing the most exquisite styles and latest effects in New Fall and Winter Millinery.

o—o—o—o

Also have a large and beautiful line of ladies and children's coats. We can give you excellent values for little money,

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June, and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

HER KING CHARLES SPANIEL

By ABBIE F. RANSOM

Rodney Jackson was at his desk in the office of the Hustler in that enviable state of mind which usually follows a good dinner and makes a fine cigar a railroad on which to travel far into the castles of Spain.

Two months before he had been broken hearted because he and Della Baesden had quarreled. She had given him back his ring. It wasn't a diamond. He couldn't afford one. Instead he had bought her an opal—"to commemorate the month of our engagement," he said, "and no bad luck can follow so happy a courtship as ours." But it was over. The bad luck their friends had prophesied came. Her heart had been broken, his life ruined, and he ended it all by accepting a position on the staff of the Hustler, one of the "yellows," at nearly double the salary the staid, conservative Daily Chronicle had been paying him.

A lady's voice on the other side of the partition which separted his desk from that of the city editor's reached his ears. It wasn't an ordinary lady's voice at least not to him—for it caused him to jerk his feet off his desk, sit upright and peer furtively around the corner to obtain a mere glimpse of a blue tailor made suit, the pink rim of an ear and some locks of brown hair under a brown veil.

Now, tailor made suits, pink ears and brown hair and veils are more common every day than sunshine, but these particular ones made his heart beat to the tune of "Come Back, Sweetheart, to Me," while he strained his own ears in most unmanly fashion to catch every word the voice was saying.

"I inserted the ad. day before yesterday," was what he heard, "and as yet have received no answer whatever. If you will put a little notice among your news items that my dog has been lost, perhaps the finder may see it there.

"I CALLED TO ANSWER AN ADVERTISEMENT ABOUT A DOG."

The dog is a King Charles spaniel, and his collar is marked 'R. J. to D. B.' He was a present from a friend, a very dear friend, and I prize him more than ever now because I have lost my friend."

"I understand." The editor's tone was kind—so kind, Jackson thought, listening behind his desk. "I'll make a note of it and mention it in tomorrow's paper."

The blue suit turned to go; then the voice spoke again.

"Please don't mention what I said of why I value the dear little dog," she said. "I'd much prefer you would not."

"I understand," came the suave reply. "I'll see that it is written in a way to please you, Miss"—

"Baesden. Good morning, Mr. Editor."

"Arthur Edson, at your service, Miss Baesden. And I hope our ad. will bring your dog. Good morning."

The blue suit left the office, and scarcely had it disappeared when Jackson was all action. Seizing a pencil, he scribbled a few lines and then dashed like a cyclone upon an innocent boy guarding the entrance of his stand of genius.

"Here, you rascal, get this ad. up, and get it quick! Tell 'em to hold back the earth if necessary to get it in today. Skite! Hurry up, double quick, or I'll order your coffin! D'ye hear?"

"Don't see what there is in that to make a fuss over," the boy muttered to himself. 'Found—A King Charles spaniel with initial collar. Owner can have same by calling at the editorial rooms of the Hustler and proving property. Inquire for Mr. Jacks.' Nothing in that 's I can see—nothing but a dog."

"All right," Jackson commented ten minutes later. "If any one inquires for Mr. Jacks send 'em to me and keep your mouth shut. Here's a half dollar. Go buy yourself a necktie. That one you're wearing reminds me of the time a rattlesnake bit me."

The boy looked up, his face full of solicitude.

"Did the snake die?" he asked seriously.

"You will, you young imp. You'll die of brains in the head if you're not careful. I'll be back at 6." And, shouldering his photographic kit, he was off after an illustrated story.

The next morning, back to the door and his head bent over his writing, a gloved hand laid a newspaper clipping beside him and a voice said:

"I called in answer to"—

He raised his head. Miss Baesden stopped, straightened up and said with a dignity sadly tinctured with embarrassment:

"Excuse me, Mr. Jackson, I called to answer an advertisement about a dog, and the office boy showed me here. I wish to see Mr. Jacks."

He rose. "Please be seated, Miss Baesden. What is it—trouble about a dog? Perhaps I can help you."

The girl's cheeks burned redder. Something in Mr. Jackson's manner held so much power, knowledge, possession, that she was mastered in spite of herself.

"I've lost my dog," she said, "the one you gave me. I was shopping with Aunt Esther and left the dear little fellow in the carriage. When we came out of Black's he was gone. I advertised him, and then I found this in the found column, and I came here."

"I see," Mr. Jackson responded. "Well, I found a dog—a King Charles spaniel, near Black's. Two other dogs were worrying him and I picked him up. I thought perhaps he'd been turned down because his owner was tired of him. I've been turned down myself that way, and I know how it feels, so I took pity on the little cuss."

The eyes opposite him filled slowly.

"Was it Teddy?" she asked. "Oh, I didn't tire of him; I liked him better than ever after—it was all that opal ring," she added irrelevantly.

He studied her narrowly.

"I gave the opal to another girl," he said, "and we haven't quarreled yet."

She rose. "Goodby, Mr. Jackson. Perhaps she will appreciate my dog too."

"Perhaps she might," he said, standing before her. "But, you see, you don't know yet that it is your dog. You haven't proved property."

"I leave it for you to do. Goodby."

"Don't hurry. I forgot to tell you that the other girl was my sister."

"Oh!"

"I've saved enough in the last two months in ice cream, candy and such to buy a ring."

Another "Oh!"

"Is it my dog, Mr. Jackson?"

"Shall I buy the ring?"

"You may bring Teddy up tonight if you like."

"Not unless I buy the ring."

A few minutes later the office boy remarked to himself:

"By gee, she looks as if Jack had been kissing her."

A Quaint Bird Legend.

A medical journal in a recent reference to a work on some old legends in connection with drugs said: "It would be interesting to know if the bird which the author calls 'ester' is known to modern ornithologists. Speaking of it, he remarks that its scent is said to be so strong that fishes are drawn by it as he is flying over the river and so taken up by him, having one leg like a hawk, the other like a duck." It is not difficult, however, to identify the bird in question. It is the osprey (Pandion haliaetus), which, although not today classified under the genus astur, is related to it. In the Rev. C. Swainson's "Folklore of British Birds" there is a reference to it from Shakespeare, "Coriolanus," act 4, scene 3:

Autidius, too,—
As is the osprey to the fish
Who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.

And in Peele's play, called "The Battle of Alcazar" (1594), act 2, scene 1:

I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.

—London Notes and Queries.

Largest Leaf in the World.

The plant which has this most remarkable leaf is named after Queen Victoria. It was the tribute of a British traveler in a faraway land when he discovered the unusual growth. The leaf was more than five feet in diameter, and around it extended a rim about three to five inches high. When it first opens, the flower is white, with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day of a pink color. As if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet scented. Like others of the tribe, it possesses a fleshy disk, and petals and stamens pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed. "We met them afterward frequently," says an explorer, "and the higher we advanced the more gigantic they became. We measured a leaf which was six feet five inches in diameter, its rim five and a half inches high and the flower across fifteen inches."—Dundee Advertiser.

A Herd of Bulls.

The herding of bulls is not by any means confined to the Emerald Isle. It was a Scotchwoman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time. It was a Dutchman who said that a pig had no marks on his ears except a short tail. It was a British magistrate who, on being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife." It was a Portuguese mayor who enumerated, among the marks when found, "a marked impediment in his speech." It was a Frenchman who contentedly laying his head upon a large stone jar for a pillow stuffed it with hay. It was an American lecturer who solemnly said one evening, "Parent, you may have children; or, if not, your daughter may have." It was a German orator who, warming with his subject exclaimed, "There is no man, woman or child in the house who has arrived at the age of fifty years but has felt the truth thundering through their minds for centuries."

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

Canning's Cruise

By CLARENCE ODELL

Canning, running down the beach, looked about for the familiar blue and white turban. Somehow he had come to expect the sight of the odd little bathing cap, and it was with a gesture of impatience that he searched the beach and the little knot of bathers clinging to the life ropes.

Ever since the girl had first appeared on the beach Canning had been interested. She was a splendid swimmer, vastly different from the girls who clung to the ropes and gave little shrieks every time a wave rolled in. She headed straight for the raft with strong, steady strokes and kept away from the flirtatious group in the shallows.

Canning admired her for it, and he was frequently found on the raft

HE PADDLED WITH ONE HAND TOWARD THE RAFT.

watching the little head bobbing through the surf to the same goal. He never had a chance to speak. She was not the kind of girl a man spoke to without excuse, but of late there had been a sort of friendliness in her glance as she had climbed to the raft. More than once Canning had wished that she might have a cramp—just a tiny little one—so that he might go to her rescue and thus break the conventional ice.

She was nowhere in sight today. The water was unusually rough, and the life guards were pacing the beach restlessly instead of occupying their usual perches, but rough water could not prevent her from taking her daily dip, and Canning wondered what the matter was.

Then suddenly he caught sight of a blue and white dot out on the water, and he strode into the surf. It was reckless for the girl to try to make the raft in this sea. He wondered that the guards had not called her back.

Once in the water, he advanced with powerful strokes, following the girl ahead. It was no easy matter for him to make headway at first, and he wondered how she was faring further out.

She must have been making slow progress, for he could see that he was gaining on her. She was not more than a hundred feet from the raft now, and he was some fifty feet behind her, when suddenly she threw up her arms, with a cry, and disappeared under the water.

He fought his way desperately toward the spot where she had disappeared and came up to her just as she rose for the second time.

"Turn on your back," he commanded. "I will get you to the float. Don't be afraid."

He caught her just in time, and slowly he paddled with one hand toward the raft. It was a difficult matter to get her on the raft unaided, but the realization that he would have to work quickly gave him new strength. She had lost consciousness, and his first care was to administer first aid. It was several minutes before her eyelids fluttered and he knew that he had won that battle. When at last he was assured that she was all right he sank down on the boards beside her to rest before even trying to signal the life guards.

"You seem to be more exhausted than I am," she said after a moment. "It must have been hard work getting me on to the raft."

"The swell made it difficult," he explained. "Once or twice I thought I had lost you, but I held on."

"I suppose we can get them to send out a boat for us," she commented. "It would not be easy to swim back."

"It would be out of the question," he declared.

"It looks longer than ever before," she said, with a little shudder as she glanced out over the heaving water. "The hotels seem so much smaller."

Canning glanced up for a moment, then sprang to his feet, with a cry. Presently he turned to her with a grave face. "Do not be alarmed," he said quietly, "but I am afraid the raft is loose."

"But it was moored at four corners!" she exclaimed. "How could it get loose?"

"The logs rot in the water. I suppose I raised the edge out of water as I climbed on, and the swell tore it loose. At any rate, we are in for a cruise unless we can signal the shore."

They stood up together and waved frantically, but apparently the little tragedy had passed unnoticed on shore, and there was no answering signal that they could perceive. At last, tired by their exertions, they sank down on the raft and faced the situation.

"The coastwise steamers come close in to shore here," he said reassuringly. "There will be a good chance of being taken off before night. Perhaps at the turn of the tide we may drift back."

"I hope something happens," she shivered. "It seems so dreadful to be carried out to sea."

"We at least have a raft," he comforted. "Suppose you had to keep swimming?"

"I should have given up long ago," she said. "As it was I should be dead now had it not been for you."

"I was afraid you would have some trouble," he said, "when I saw what you had undertaken to do."

"Did you follow me out on purpose?" she asked wonderingly. "I didn't know any one had seen me. The guards warned me against trying, but I wanted to see if I couldn't, and I did—almost."

"That was the only reason that brought me out," he said. "I saw your bathing cap, and I know it was you."

"And I am the reason for your being out here?" she asked wonderingly. "I am responsible for your danger too?"

"Not at all," he protested warmly. "I am only too glad that I was in time to be of service."

"I thought it was because you wanted to come," she explained. "I have noticed that you were such a good swimmer."

"I have wished hundreds of times that I knew you," he admitted. "I have admired your swimming ever since you came."

"My name is Rose Wilcox."

"I am Harry Canning," he responded formally. "I'm glad to meet you, Miss Wilcox."

Their hands met in hearty clasp. She colored when she perceived that he was still holding it, and for a moment she moved away. Then she drew closer to him again, and they sat there and chatted while their eyes searched the horizon for the sign of sail or steamer.

They soon found that they knew common friends, and this swept away Rose's last barrier of reserve, and she gossiped on as if they had known each other for years.

So engrossed did they become that they forgot the peril of the situation, forgot everything save the fact that they found each other wonderfully congenial.

It was with a start that they heard a panting behind them and turned to see a steam yacht drawing alongside. In a few minutes they had been taken off and, with the raft towing behind the yacht, turned back to shore.

"I like this style of cruising better," laughed Rose as they sat on the deck wrapped in blankets. "And just to think that we were in sight of the yacht for half an hour and never thought of turning around."

"It never occurred to me that they would have to telephone the inlet for a boat," he explained, "though I might have known."

"I'm a little sorry the cruise stopped so suddenly," she confessed shyly. "I had even forgotten that it was getting near luncheime."

"Let's make the next cruise in a yacht," he suggested.

"We could get up a party," she assented.

"I don't want a party," he declared. "A party would be de trop on a honeymoon."

"Yes," she admitted shyly, her color deepening.

But later he managed to obtain a less vague acquiescence to his proposal.

Stopping Runs on Banks.

Runs on banks, as all the world knows, are often stopped or restricted in the oddest ways. A rich bank knew that a run was to set in on a certain Monday morning, for it had been robbed of some postage stamps on Saturday night and the robbery had been exaggerated in the newspaper reports, and if this run was not kept within reasonable limits the bank would have to close its doors. It had plenty of money, but not plenty of cash. It needed twenty-four hours' time. Before sunrise on Monday morning a man put a fresh coat of paint on the front doors of the bank, on the wall panels and on the counters. The result was that people who made the run on Monday made rather a walk of it. They wanted their money, but they rushed no one. On the contrary, they came on with caution and deliberation. So careful were they lest they get paint on their clothes that it took longer to pay off one of them than it would have taken ordinarily to pay five. This is one of many odd tricks whereby, in a run, a bank has saved itself from wreck.

The Oldest Religions.

Judaism is the oldest existing religion. Brahmanism is second, Buddhism third and Mohammedanism fourth. Buddha was born in the sixth century B. C., at Kapilavastu, in India, near the Himalayas. He was named Siddhartha and Gautama and was the son of a wealthy Sakya chieftain, called a king in modern poetry. Buddha lived to be very old. Brahma is the all pervading soul of the universe, the creator of the universe, his brother gods being Vishnu and Siva. Mohammed was born at Mecca, in Arabia, in 570 A. D., and died in Medina, Arabia, June 8, 632. No one can say when the worship of God began. It is probable that the very earliest man worshiped some unknown power, who was his God. The religion of the Chaldeans antedated the Jewish religion. Noah worshiped God; so did Abraham. Judaism did not begin until late in Abraham's life.

EMIL THAMM;
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A Quick Cure.

"How did Mrs. Gotthere contrive to break her husband of smoking?"

"She wouldn't allow any cigars in the house except what she bought herself, and he had to smoke them to avoid hurting her feelings."—Baltimore American.

Remountable.

Father (after a long search for a lucky). Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place in which one hunts? Son—I expect it's because when we find what we are looking for we stop hunting.

Happiness.

Things are so arranged in this world that happiness as a profession must ever be a failure. It cannot be found by seeking it. It is a reflex action. It is incidental, a product which comes from doing noble things. It is impossible for a person to be really happy by making pleasure a profession.—Success Magazine.

Some of Them Do.

The [illegible] boys giving a class of youngsters some ideas of adages and how to make them. Presently he said:

"Who can give an example of [illegible]?"

Lucy Ward, [illegible] a small boy [illegible] and Lucy also had a reference to speak.

The Leading Part.

Twynn—I hear that Skiddmore has led the Widow Weeds to the altar. Triplet—That is what it is called for politeness' sake, but from my post of observation it looked as though the widow were a neck ahead of him all the way up the aisle.

Men are born to succeed, not to fail. —Thoreau.

A Literary Prize.

The largest amount ever offered as a prize for a literary contribution is 1,500,000 rubles, which is still open for competition and will be awarded at St. Petersburg on Dec. 1, 1935, to the writer of the best history of Alexander I. of Russia. Araktcheief, founder of the military colonies of Novgorod, left a fortune of 50,000 gold rubles to provide for this unique prize. The prize giving day is the centenary of the Czar Alexander's death, by which time the money will, it is estimated, have increased to 2,000,000 rubles. One-fourth of it will be used to defray the cost of publishing the work which wins the prize.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. H. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt., East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeon.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. L. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Beckus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 21, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:30 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

RAILWAY GUIDE

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:30 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:30 p m week days.
For Larrabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:35 a m 2:55, 7:55 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larrabee 9:35 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:55 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford via B R & R, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffalo via B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:25	6:00
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:55	6:30	6:40
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	6:50	1:20	4:35
Kane	5:00	10:20	8:55
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:55	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 6:16 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 20, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
5:25	8:14	L.	Hornellsville	A 6:25	5:50	
5:36	8:26		Arkport	6:25	5:48	
f	f		Burns	f	f	
6:47	8:36		Hornellsville Jc	6:14	5:57	
6:54	8:42		Canaseraga	6:07	5:50	
6:59	8:48		Canaseraga	6:02	5:45	
7:10	8:59		Swains	5:48	5:30	
7:28	9:17		Birdsall	5:29	5:07	
7:33	9:30		Angelica	5:06	4:53	
8:32	10:12		Friendship	7:37	4:05	
8:54	10:46		Bolivar	L 7:05	3:39	
5:40	11:05		Olean		2:52	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:13
7:18			Smethport			8:00
8:09			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50	L 7:23		St. Marys		A 1:50	L 6:20
	10:07		Shawmut		2:11	
	A 10:42		Brockwayville		L 1:30	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M A M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:10	L. Wayland	A 10:20	3:02	6:58
3:33	11:06	7 25	Perkinsville	10:20	2:56	6:52
3:48	11:33	7:02	Rogersville	10:22	2:40	6:45
3:57	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:20	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:39	6:20
f		f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	A Hornellsville	L 9:43	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt, St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:30 a. m. 11:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
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Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

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HIS AUTO ROMANCE

By FABIAN CARLETON

Davenport left his machine chug-chugging at the curb and sprang up the steps. Two or three of the rocking chair contingent smiled as they saw him coming, but Mrs. Neville sat quietly in the shady corner where she had established herself.

"Kittie went over to the lake with Mr. Thornton," she said as Davenport approached. "I don't think she understood that she had an engagement with you."

"She didn't," he admitted ruefully. "I thought I should have to run up to town today and said I wouldn't be over. How long since they started?"

"It was only ten minutes ago. You must have passed them if you have come from the avenue."

"I can catch up with them," was the comfortable assurance. "I can beat that old machine of Thornton's."

"This is a new one," smiled Mrs. Neville. "I think he said it was a forty horsepower machine."

"I'll run over anyway," said Davenport, gritting his teeth. If Thornton

"I'LL TELL THEM YOU'RE COMING."

had brought a new machine down it showed that he meant business. Kittie Neville was passionately fond of automobiling. Howard Davenport's had been the fastest machine on the beach. It was the auto that first attracted Kittie's attention. Afterward Howard liked to think that he had gained her favor, but Kittie did not wear her heart upon her sleeve to be lightly won, and he was as uncertain as on the first day that he realized that he loved her.

Now Thornton, with his more powerful machine, might have an opportunity to make all of the running. He disliked Thornton anyway. He was a braggart and a boor, but he was rich, and he could have a dozen big machines if he wanted them.

It was with a sore heart that Howard headed for the lake, the usual objective point for pleasure seekers. It was fifteen miles inland, and those who did not possess autos took the trolley ride that was one of the features of the seaside resort.

There was a new automobile in the shed as Davenport run his car alongside, a huge green thing that suggested power in every line. Kittie's coat lay on the back seat of the tonneau, if that were needed to identify the rival of the little touring car in which they had had such good times, and Davenport gritted his teeth as he passed it on his way to the porch.

Thornton was there and greeted him with a boisterous shout as he came up the steps.

"How long did it take you to come out?" he bawled. "We made it in eighteen minutes."

"I did not do as well as that," Howard admitted. "The road is heavy after the rains."

"I didn't notice it," bragged his rival, "but then, you see, with my car we can take any road at top speed. Sit down."

He made way for Davenport at the table with ostentatious courtesy, and though Howard knew that his only object was to continue his boasting, he dropped into the seat beside Kittie.

The frank welcome in her glance reassured him somewhat, and in spite of Thornton's ponderous dissertations on the superiority of the imported car he was sorry when it was time to be starting back if he wished to be in time to dress for dinner.

He had gone perhaps five miles when, with a tremendous tooting, Thornton in the green car dashed past him. "I'll tell them you're coming," he shouted over his shoulder as he passed. Howard winced. It was hard to have victory rubbed in like that. The fact that Kittie was sitting in the tonneau and not in front was some satisfaction, but it was with white lips that he threw on a higher speed and started forward.

Half a mile beyond the road turned sharply, and as he slowed down for the curve his heart gave a leap as he saw ahead of him the big green car at one side of the road partly overturned.

Kittie, looking very white, sat beside the fence, while Thornton busied himself about the machine.

"I can't understand this!" he shouted as Davenport drew up. "I never have seen anything like this happen before."

He pointed to one of the rear wheels. The tire had been completely opened as with a knife.

"You must have picked up a barrel hoop," suggested Davenport. "It might have stuck to the mud guard."

"That's so," admitted Thornton. "I thought it might have been cut on purpose, only the cut is too new. We never could have come five miles with that cut. I wish you'd have some one sent out with a new tire. My chauffeur can come out in the old machine."

"I'll be glad to," was the willing response. "Anything else?"

"You can take me in, if you will," said Kittie, coming forward. "It will make me late for the hop tonight if I stay here."

Howard jumped to the door of the tonneau, but without waiting for assistance Kittie climbed into the front seat and settled herself comfortably in her accustomed place. Davenport followed her and started slowly forward.

"We'll tell them you're coming!" shouted Kittie back over her shoulder, quoting the words he had used a few minutes before to Davenport.

"I suppose it's mean to rub it in," she said as the machine began to move faster and she settled herself more comfortably, "but he gloated over you when he left you behind."

"I can't understand how his accident happened," said Howard in puzzled tones. "It was such a clean cut. If he had picked up a piece of glass it would have made a puncture. This sliced the tire right around."

"If you'll promise not to tell I'll tell you something," offered Kittie. "I had a knife that I bought for Billy in my pocket, and I had it out looking at it. My arm was resting over the side of the car, and I am afraid that it accidentally struck the tire."

"You had a time reaching around the mud guard, didn't you?" laughed Howard, with a happy ring in his voice.

"I didn't do it on purpose," she declared stoutly. "It was an accident. Why should I want a breakdown?"

"I was hoping that perhaps it was because you wanted to go back to the hotel with me," he said.

"Huh!" said Kittie indignantly. "I'm sorry I told you if you are going to put on airs like that."

For a few minutes she sat silent, then almost unconsciously, as if thinking aloud, she murmured, "I thought it would just make a puncture."

"The wheel was going too fast," he explained. "It cut all the way around."

"And I lost the knife," she said. "It was torn right out of my hand."

"I'll get another for your brother," he offered. "There's something else I'd like to get."

"What?" she asked.

"A ring," he explained. "A ring with a diamond in it. I've been wanting to buy you one for a long time, but today I was afraid that the big car was going to win the day."

"I'd marry you if you didn't even have a motor cycle," she declared. "You didn't suppose that mattered, did you?"

"I was trying to make up my mind whether anything mattered," he confessed.

"I think it does," said Kittie softly.

A Bright Short Play.

"What I want is a bright short play," said Toole to the amateur who had brought him a six act drama. "How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?" "Oh, yes," said Toole, "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination. It is in one act. When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer. The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy revolver and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires. The young woman falls dead. He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims. 'I am on the wrong floor.'"

When Schooling Was Cheap.

The head master of the fashionable school as he sat in his office said:

"At Eton, the famous English school, where some boys spend $10,000 or $15,000 a year and where it is hardly possible to get through on less than $1,500, it only cost, in Queen Elizabeth's time, $25 annually." He took down a little book.

"This is a copy," he said, "of a manuscript, still preserved in Devonshire, that gives the Eton expenses of the two sons of Sir William Cavendish. Among the items are: 'Mending a shoe, 1d.; an old woman for sweeping and cleaning the chamber, 2d.; a breast of mutton, 5d.; a small chicken, 4d.; "Aesop's Fables," 4d.; two bunches of candles, 1d.; a week's board, 5 shillings.' The total minimum expenses of an Eton boy in 1514—board, tuition, everything—were $25 a year."

Adopting an Heir In Japan.

The custom of adoption is universal in Japan, where it is practiced to keep a family name from becoming extinct. Indeed, there is scarcely a family in which it has not at some time or other been observed. A person who has no male issue adopts a son and, if he has a daughter, often gives her to him in marriage. A youth or even a child, who may be the head of a family, occasionally adopts, on the point of dying, a son older than himself to succeed him.

WOOD RAT TYPIFIES MAN.

He Is Small, but His Acquisitiveness Is Limitless.

Too many Americans have the "wood rat instinct." The wood rat, the animal, is a native of southern Oregon, but the wood rat typified in man is not restricted to any small section of a state or nation, but is well nigh universal.

The wood rat is small, no larger than a common rat, but his ambition and acquisitiveness are insatiable. His one insane desire seems to be to increase the size of his pile of sticks. The neighboring field is placed under tribute. First, all the nearby sticks are gathered into the pile. Then, as these are cleaned up, he goes farther and farther away from home, and every twig is eagerly seized upon to increase the size of his pile of sticks.

The wood rat regards his pile of sticks as a refuge in time of trouble. On the first sound of alarm he rushes for the pile and crawls underneath. It is here that he often finds his destruction, for a summer fire sometimes sweeps through the woods, and the wood rat's pile of sticks makes a veritable furnace. The larger the pile the hotter the fire, and thus he has piled up the means of his own agony.

We do not need to carry the comparison any further. The lesson is obvious, but still many of us do not appear to realize that we are like the wood rat, worshiping a pile of sticks. We marry a man because of the size of his pile of sticks and not from an innate attractiveness. We call this man a success because he can gather sticks faster than any of his companions. We call this man "sharp" and "shrewd" because, after a fellow worker has laboriously made a huge pile, he steps in and ousts his fellow from the pile and appropriates all the sticks for his own.

Let us take warning from the wood rat and the summer fire—the larger the pile of sticks the fiercer burns the fire when the time of destruction finally arrives.—Montreal Star.

FACTS ABOUT YOURSELF.

The average number of teeth is thirty-two.

The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds 6 ounces.

The weight of the circulating blood is twenty-nine pounds.

The brain of a man is more than twice that of any other animal.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1,200 times an hour.

Over 500 pounds, or one hogshead and one and one fourth pints, of blood pass through the heart in an hour.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and one-half pounds, that of a woman two pounds eleven ounces.

There are 175,000,000 cells in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The average height of an American is five feet nine inches, of a Frenchman five feet four inches, of a German five feet seven inches.

Fishes as Barometers.

"In their way," said the old fisherman, "fishes are not such bad weather prophets. If a storm is approaching the fish stop biting, and they won't bite again until the storm is well over. They appear to know when a storm is coming and when it has really passed. And to fishermen and farmers living along the shore fish foretell the near approach of cold weather. Hours before it comes fishes leave the shallow waters inshore and seek deeper water, which in its depths will stay warm and keep an equable temperature after the shallower and surface waters have turned cold. Oh, yes, fishes know a thing or two about the weather."—Washington Post.

Sighs For the Old Days.

What stopped the old housewife habit of taking the tablecloth out after each meal and shaking it on the ground to the edification of the dog, cat, chickens and birds? As a boy we used to delight in that shake, especially if a comely matron or a pretty girl had hold of the cloth her body swayed so gracefully as she handled it. No other motion, not even the rhythmic dance, set off her figure to better advantage, and the minxes knew it and always managed to give those flirts when admirers were handy by. But some one invented a brush and a pretty receiver, and a new fashion was set.—Washington (Ia.) Press.

The American Girl.

The American girl is a most interesting contradiction. She is regarded as the world's greatest representative of feminine freedom, and yet at the root of her character she is the most prudish of girls. She makes the best friend for a man, and yet his worst lover. She cannot deny that she is a flirt, and yet she is at heart hard and selfish. She will do the most unconventional things, and yet in no part of the world is etiquette more insisted on than in American society.—Madame of London.

A Certain Advantage.

"A woman can always get the better of a man in an argument," said the visitor.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But we should remember that in an argument a woman always has a certain advantage. She is not expected to be a gentleman."—Washington Star.

During the Rush Hour.

She—Were you ever in a street car accident? He—Yes. The car was completely wrecked, but the passengers were packed so tight that only the outside layers were injured.—Chicago News.

EN MASQUE

By William Henry Ender

Copyright, 1908, by Bailey Douglas

It was the first night of "The Maverick's" week at the Denver Opera House, and, despite the white coat of snow that was being sifted over the city, the theater was filling rapidly.

Among the later arrivals was a young woman of the upper world, exquisitely gowned, breathing cultivation, yet with the frank air and lively eye of a nice boy, now bold, now shy, but always vivid. Her seat was in one of the lower boxes, and beside her was a vacant place, apparently for her delayed escort.

The young woman had come alone and had sat alone till the orchestra was nearly through its overture. Then the vacant seat found an occupant.

He came striding down the aisle, a splendid specimen of man. Hundreds of amused, interested eyes took in his magnificent, picturesque bulk, breathed deeper at the outdoor atmosphere he radiated and warmed to the untamed, fearless spirit of the vanishing west that looked out of his face of bleached walnut.

The click of the high heeled, dusty riding boots into which corduroy trousers fitted snugly, the worn felt hat held negligently in a great leather cuffed hand, the handkerchief knotted loosely around the tanned throat, proclaimed more loudly than words that he was a denizen of the cow country.

The blond giant from the desert followed the usher to the vacant seat beside the daughter of civilization. The girl hastily gathered the skirt of her gown out of danger and devoted herself to studying the cast. Presently she fished a silver cased pencil from somewhere and wrote a line on the edge of the programme. The direct, impulsive side of her was just then in dominance.

"Sir, this seat is taken," he read after she had with apparent carelessness maneuvered the paper into his line of vision.

"You're right; it is, ma'am," his pencil answered on his programme.

"I mean by a friend of mine."

"Thank you, ma'am. That's real kind and friendly."

A hot wave of color swept over her boyish face. She slanted a covert glance at him to discover whether it

THE MAN BESIDE HER OFFERED FRIENDLY CONVERSE.

was innocence or audacity with which she had to contend. He was cheerfully continuing the correspondence and did not notice the start of surprise in her eye.

The rise of the curtain relieved the situation, and the girl abandoned herself to the play with an excited interest, due to the fact that her lover, Robert Messiter, had written it, with herself as the heroine.

A wide mesa was disclosed, bounded by a range of blue, snow streaked mountains. In the foreground were a couple of stunted cottonwoods, a bunch or two of cactus and a matting of dull range grass.

Presently "Sorreltop" Flanders wandered into view, dusty and hatless, sputtering range epithets at himself for his folly in allowing the ponies to have escaped. He finds time to explain to the audience that he and Miss Rhoda Esterly are lost on the desert before that dashing young woman comes limping across the stage.

That "The Maverick" is a love drama, full of the humorous extravagance and exuberance of the west, is at once apparent. The cow puncher and the colonel, the Indian and the Mexican, are all very much in evidence.

Both the daughter of civilization and the son of the desert gave a divided but extremely alert attention to the progress of the play. That her own love story, dramatized by her lover, was being enacted faithfully before her eyes was surprise enough to claim her interest.

But more than once when a remembered phrase slipped here and again from one of the actors her eyes swept round to the man beside her. Once their glances met, and she felt her cheeks burn.

When the curtain rang down the girl drew a long breath.

The man beside her offered friendly converse.

"That's the range, all right. He's certainly been on the hurricane deck of a bronchy, the fellow that wrote that. I—I—it's if the scene was the Rubicon instead of the Arapahoe bridge. Ever been West, ma'am?"

The girl met his full eyes. "Yes, I've been there."

"Here, too," he assured her. "This here story's founded on life, ma'am. I know the fellow that wrote it. He'n him used to be thicker than peas in a pod. Yes, ma'am, I shore have ridden over that mesa a heap with Bob Messiter. He was an educated fellow—Harvard, I think—come west for the bugs. Well, he's strong as a mule now, ma'am. I reckon you don't know him."

This seemed to demand an answer, and the young woman gave it promptly.

"I've met him."

"You don't say!" Then a light appeared to penetrate. His hand came down with a resounding slap on his knee. "By thunder, ma'am, you're the lady—the very one that old Bob Messiter got lost with and got hisself engaged to subsequent. I knew I'd seen you somewheres. Don't you all remember Jack Robins of the K. T. ranch? I'm him, ma'am."

The young woman regretted without enthusiasm that she could not remember Mr. Robins just as the curtain rang up for the second act.

It was at the next intermission that the gentleman from Cattleland delivered a monologue to his new find in twentieth century maidens.

"Yes, sir. Me and Messiter was pards two or three years back. We rode the range together and bunked together and sat at the tail end of the same chuck wagon. How I come to know him was some comical. Bob he had just come out of Harvard and was water hearted. Consequence is he went around rubbing soothin' salve on the calves after we had branded them. Once he got his salve bottle out and was getting ready to do the doctor act when Sorreltop Jones—the one I reckon whose name Messiter chose as his hero of this here play—heard something buzz about a foot from Bob's hand. The bullet out of Sorreltop's six shooter arrived a short fraction of a wink before that rattler's poison."

The man stooped and found the dusty hat under his seat. "I reckon, ma'am, I got to be going. You see, one of them actor fellows is sick, and I got to stand around in his place this next act."

"Then I suppose that explains, Bob Messiter, why you are all rigged out like this," said the girl coolly.

He laughed. "That explains it, Elsie. But I didn't know you would recognize me after my taking all the trouble to mislead you. I fancy I'm not such a good actor as I have been thinking."

"My dear boy," she mocked. "Bob Messiter was to sit in this seat if his train arrived in time. Naturally I was looking for him. It did not take me long to discover that you wear a wig. Besides, I've seen too many of his letters not to recognize his writing when I see it. You'll have to do better than that before you can deceive me."

"I see I shall. Well, I'll have to take it out on the audience. All my friends are here. Watch me fool them."

"Perhaps you can," she laughed, blushing. "They're not engaged to you."

Alexander Selkirk.

"Robinson Crusoe" was published in April, 1719. A few years before, about 1712, Woodes Rogers, in his "Voyage Round the World," had given an account of his calling at the island of Juan Fernandez in 1709 and bringing away a man clothed in goats' skins, "who looked wilder than the first owners of them." His name was Alexander Selkirk, and he had been on the island four years and four months, having been left there—"on account of a difference"—by Captain Stradling of the Cinque Ports. Selkirk was born at Largo, in Fife, in 1676. All the time he was on Juan Fernandez he was in perfect solitude until discovered by Captain Rogers. Selkirk died in 1723 on board a king's ship, the Weymouth, of which he was mate, leaving his effects by will to sundry "loving female friends." His chest, his gun and his drinking cup, the last made of a cocoanut shell, are—or were till lately—the property of his descendants at Largo. Selkirk has been generally accredited as the original of Robinson Crusoe. Defoe, besides reading the account of him, may even have seen him personally.

The British Song Thrush.

The song thrush is almost the best known and most widely distributed of all British birds, and if we take into account its persistence in singing as well as the beauty of its song it perhaps deserves the first place among British songsters. The only time when it does not sing, in fact, is for a few weeks after about the middle of July. In September it may be heard beginning again in a weak and undecided fashion, the performers being usually the young birds of the year, and in mild, open weather in November it is often in brilliant song, continuing more or less frequently, except in hard frost, until the time, late in January or so, when it considers that spring and the singing season have come in good earnest. Though somewhat studied in manner and marked by repetitions in its phrases, the song of no bird is more full of spirit and vigor, and in the darkening days of November it is particularly beautiful to hear it proclaiming, as it were, the sure return of spring with almost as much force and fire as it exhibits in its true spring song.—London Express.

Criticism.

Criticisms never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character, and if true they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure.

FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

The Wind In the Autumn Really Has Very Little to Do With It.

When the short cold days gather behind the brown autumnal woods and cold winds begin to blow, then the bright leaves come drifting down in fluttering, fast thickening showers until it almost seems as if the wind were the active agent and actually tore the leaves from the trees. This, of course, is not the case. The leaf fall only becomes possible after a long preparation on the part of the tree, which forms a peculiar layer of cells in each leaf stem called the cleavage plate.

This cleavage plate, or separation layer, consists of a section of loosely attached thin walled cells with a few strands of stronger woody fiber in among them, so, in the early autumn, although the leaves appear as firmly attached as ever before, they are really only held on the tree by these few woody strands and the outer brittle skin or epidermis of the stem. Now only a slight shock or wind flurry is sufficient to break the fragile support and bring the leaves in showers to the ground. We may see these woody strands broken through in the leaf scar of the horse chestnut, where they appear as little rounded projections on the broken surface and are often spoken of from their fancied resemblance to the nails of a horseshoe. The hickory and ash among other trees have similar markings on their leaf scars and from the same cause. On the root of the wild sarsaparilla, which projects just above the ground, a like series of little projections will be seen upon the ringlike scar which surrounds the bud where the leaf stalk has just separated.

Often the leaves separate and fall even on the quietest days, for their own weight is sufficient to break the frail support. These hushed and supremely tranquil days we all remember, when our October walks are accompanied by the soft, small sounds of falling leaves, by the rustlings and dry whisperings of their showering multitudes.—St. Nicholas.

SLEEP AND NERVE REST.

A Necessity That Is Overlooked In the Modern Strenuous Life.

In the days when eight hours for sleep were nominally regarded as an hour too long for any self respecting individual the exhausting character of modern life was unknown. There was less wealth and more contentment; less competition and more security; fewer distractions, but more simplicity. Work was easier, slower, and care, anxiety, apprehension—in a word, worry—did not feed, like the worm i' th' bud, upon the hours exempt from toil. We are remorseless in overtaxing the delicate mechanism of our minds and nerves. The best walker, for instance, does not propose to himself to go regularly sixty miles a day or to subject the same set of muscles in any other form of physical exercise to intense and unremitting labor. But that is what we do with the immediate agent of our minds—the brain machine. We cannot watch its operations. We often assume that its movements are as light and endless as the ripples of the universal air. We know and nevertheless we forget that the brain is a substantial apparatus as liable to depreciation as the fixed plant in a workshop. Now, nothing is more certain than this—that the potential capacity of the human brain has not increased, if at all, in anything like the proportion of the immensely aggravated demand upon it.

The modern man is subject to as much mental and moral wear and tear in a day as his ancestors in no very remote generation experienced in a week. Yet in respect of sleep we have hardly changed traditional habit. We keep later and still later hours. We catch our trains in the morning as usual. There is no doubt whatever that we burn the candle at both ends with unprecedented disregard of the laws of psychological economy, and that the amount of rest we allow for nerve and brain is no longer adequate.—London Telegraph.

A Fast Train.

On the Riviera line near Ventimiglia, Italy, the train, after rumbling gently along, stopped suddenly. An impatient passenger put his head out and asked crustily, "Is this Bordighera?" No answer. "Guard, is this Bordighera?" he shouted again. A voice came from the fore part of the train, "No, monsieur, it is not Bordighera—it is a cow." When the cow had been removed from the line the train ambled on again. Two minutes later it once more came to a dead stop. "Another cow, I suppose?" shouted the testy passenger witheringly. "No, monsieur, it is not," said the guard placidly. "It is the same cow."

A Costly Desk.

There is a famous old desk in the British war office in London. It is a desk to which old hands point with emotion. That desk cost the nation $25,000,000. In it is a pigeonhole with a story. It was into that pigeonhole that the dispatch of King Theodore of Abyssinia was thrust—and forgotten. After we had been to war the document was found in the desk, and we all learned that there ought to have been no war.—London Sketch.

The Sting.

"I hear your firm discharged you."

"Yes, but I wouldn't mind that so much if they hadn't added insult to injury."

"How?"

"They advertised for a boy to fill my place."

Sheridan fell in love with Miss Linley and told the story of "The Rivals," which is a true account of his courtship.

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A Gallant Old Bachelor

By Donald Allen

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Mr. Cyrus Stebbins, attorney-at-law and a resident of Philadelphia, had some legal business to transact in Paris, and knowing that it would take him several months to accomplish it and being a man who preferred peace and quietness he looked about for lodgings and soon obtained what he wanted.

Mr. Stebbins had turned the sixty mark, and there were young and envious attorneys who spoke of him as old Stebbins. He had never married, and there were other young and envious attorneys who said that it was a blessed good thing for at least one woman that he hadn't. The fact was that Mr. Stebbins was bitter, cranky and not at all willing to extend the glad hand. He had never been known to exhibit the least consideration for womankind, even when one of them was on the stand for him as a witness. As for being gallant, the idea was ridiculous.

One day, in walking about with his hands clasped behind his back and his shoulders humped over, the old lawyer happened on an auction room. There was a sale going on, and in idle curiosity he dropped in. An escritoire was up for bidding. It was an antique. The bids were low and the auctioneer indifferent, and as a result the lawyer found himself the owner of the piece of furniture at what he knew to be about one-third its value.

A minute after it was knocked down to him a man came rushing in and seemed greatly put out that the escritoire had been sold. When he found that Mr. Stebbins was the new owner he took him aside and said:

"That article was included by mistake among a lot of other goods sent here for sale. It belonged to a friend of mine who is dead and was really left to me by his will. I will give you 100 francs advance on your bargain."

Mr. Stebbins was sorry if any one in Paris had died and sorry if any mistake had been made in loading up vans with furniture, but he couldn't see his way clear to parting with his purchase. The offer was increased to two hundred—three hundred—five hundred, but in vain. He said he might sell it when he was ready to leave Paris, but not before. The escritoire was removed to his lodgings and rubbed up a bit, and its next adventure took place a week later.

The lawyer was in the public library to look up some dates connected with his case when he saw a man who closely resembled the one he had met in the auction room. They did not speak, and the trifle was forgotten in five minutes.

Three hours later the lawyer returned to his lodgings just in time to halt two men who were bringing his recent purchase downstairs to be loaded into a van. The landlady explained that a very nice French gentleman had called and exhibited an order signed by Mr. Stebbins, and of course she thought it was all right to let the article go. The man he had seen in the library had put up the job to get possession of the escritoire.

Mr. Stebbins sat down to reason it out. He had paid 50 francs for the piece of furniture. He had been offered 500 francs advance. The piece wasn't worth the money. Why was the man so anxious, then, to get it into his possession? It had been pretty closely examined when first brought home. It was now given another inspection, but the lawyer could discover no secret drawers. He gave the landlady strict orders and went his way.

Ten days later he told her he would be gone all day. Half an hour after leaving the house he returned for some forgotten data and found her showing his room to a stranger—the man he had met twice before. The stranger hurried away without excuse, and the landlady said she was showing the room because the gentleman stood ready to take it as soon as Mr. Stebbins vacated. The caller had looked at and admired the escritoire and had even moved it about, but had taken nothing from it. She was talked to in plain, legal Philadelphia language and her key taken away.

A couple of weeks passed away before anything more happened. Then, as the lawyer, sat reading one evening, the landlady came up with a young woman behind her. This young woman was plainly but neatly dressed and looked to be a lady's maid. She introduced herself, and the landlady left. She had friends in Philadelphia, and, learning that Mr. Stebbins was from that city, she had made bold to call on him to ask for information. The lawyer didn't believe her story for a minute, but while he was preparing to draw her out and show up her inconsistencies she suddenly clapped her hand over her heart and tumbled down in a faint. Of course Mr. Stebbins summoned the landlady—that is, he started to go downstairs to her, his room having no bell, when a lawyer-like idea came to him, and he turned about. He was just in time to find the fainting girl at work at the escritoire. She screamed. Then she was taken by the ear and led to the door and ceremoniously bowed out.

"Sir, you are no gentleman!" she exclaimed as she went.

"Miss, you are not a success as a faintest!" he called after her.

The escritoire was now hauled into the middle of the room, all the drawers removed, and Mr. Stebbins went over it inch by inch. He was in the midst of his work when the lady's maid returned to say:

"I came here and told you a story, and I am sorry for it."

"I have no doubt the jury will take that into consideration," grimly replied the lawyer.

"I will now tell you why I wanted to look into the escritoire," she continued. "The date of a certain person is written on the bottom of one of the drawers or some other place. I was offered a thousand francs to get it."

"But you got over your faint too soon."

"Will monsieur put his price on the piece of furniture?"

"Monsieur won't. I'll take the old thing all to pieces and find out what you folks want of it."

"If monsieur would take, say, 2,000 francs"—

"I'm busy this evening, my dear."

She stood for a moment as if wondering how she could accomplish her object, and then burst into tears and took her departure. Mr. Stebbins peeked and peered and worked for two hours before he found the secret drawer, but it was discovered at last. The contents consisted of six letters from a woman to a man. If he had been a poet he might have had compunctions, but, as a lawyer instead, he sat down and read every one of those letters with as much interest as if a breach of promise case was on the tapis. Some of them he read over twice. When he had finished and tied them up again he said to himself:

"A jury wouldn't be ten minutes bringing in a verdict of guilty after reading those letters."

He had scarcely eaten his breakfast next morning when the landlady announced a lady caller.

"Is it that girl of last night again?" he asked.

"No; it is a grand lady. Such a hat; such diamonds!"

"Show the lady and the hat and the diamonds up."

Mr. Stebbins knew that he stood in the presence of the real thing as soon as his visitor entered, and he seated her with a courtly bow and a wave of the hand.

"I shall speak the truth and say that I have come on account of the escritoire," she began.

"I admire your candor, madame. Always speak the truth on the witness stand. Several persons have come on the same errand."

"It belonged to a gentleman who died very suddenly."

"How suddenly?"

"He was killed in a railroad collision."

"But, as the last one was written a whole year ago, he had time to burn them."

She looked him in the eyes, but made no reply.

"There are documents that should be sacredly preserved and documents that should be burned as soon as read."

The lady inclined her head.

"My advice to you as a lawyer is not to write at all."

She bowed again.

"This package is what you are after, madame, and I present it to you, with my compliments."

And, with a wave and a bow, he took the package of letters from his pocket and presented it to her.

"Monsieur, I am grateful," she murmured.

"Tush, tush!"

"I shall hold you in dear remembrance."

"Run along, countess. The jury says not guilty, but don't do it again. You have your letters, I have the escritoire, and I'll set aside that secret drawer to keep my comic valentines in."

A POET'S SELECTION.

Markham on the Greatest Passage in English Literature.

To ask for the one most justly celebrated passage in English prose literature is like asking for the one most justly celebrated sort of fruit in the orchard. There are easily a score of equally worthy passages, each one making its especial appeal to a different mood of the mind.

Ruskin's description of Turner's slave ship satisfies our love for the majestic color and motion of the sea. De Quincey's reverie on the nebula in Orion carries a sense of the vastness and mystery of the sky. Pater's picturing of the shield of Hercules rebuilds for us the light and life of buried Hellas. Swinburne's eulogy of Rossetti astounds us with the splendor and speed of his words. Le Gallienne's prose fancy, "The Twelve Wells," stirs our hearts with the precious disquiet of old sorrows. Victor Hugo's oration in "The Man Who Laughs" awakens in us the ennobling passion of humanity. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech hushes the soul with its fine appeal to the heroic in the heart of man.

I might go on to mention Emerson, Poe, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lake Harris, Jeremy Taylor as well as St. Matthew, St. John, Isaiah, Job and other peers in the parliament of words, but I content myself with making the one selection that is perhaps my favorite in most of my moods. I refer to that stately and sonorous passage from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" where he sees history as a stupendous procession forth-issuing from Cimmerian night and vanishing into pathetic and fathomless silence. Here is the passage:

"Like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of heaven's artillery does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame in long drawn, quick succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Like a God created, fire breathing spirit host, we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are leveled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O heaven, whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God!"—Edwin Markham in Success.

Feminine Finance.

A poor lady whose husband had just failed was bemoaning the fact.

"At any rate," she said, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "the Brown failure was worse than ours."

"How so?" said one, who knew that her husband's smashup had been terrible.

"Why," she said, "we only failed for 5 cents on the dollar, whereas Mr. Brown failed for fifty-five."

SIGNS IN THE THUMB

WHAT THEY MEAN AND HOW YOU MAY LEARN TO READ THEM.

They Serve as an Index to the Character of the Individual—The "Thumb Center" in the Brain—Position of the Well Balanced Thumb.

The gypsies have always recognized that the thumb is the most important factor in delineating special tendencies. These nomadic people are the most intuitive on earth, and the fact that in their fortune telling they often confine their prognostications to the thumb alone is worth more than a passing notice.

The fact that there is what is known as the "thumb center" in the brain, recognized by all surgeons, demonstrates the immense importance attached to it by medical science. If there is a tendency toward paralysis the physician notes it in the thumbs long before the malady shows itself in other directions. An operation to avert the calamity if possible is frequently performed on the thumb center of the brain, and the thumb itself is watched for results favorable or otherwise. It is a matter of record that the thumbs of idiots and those mentally weak are undersized, characterless and usually cling closely to the side of the hand. There have been books written on signs in the thumbs as denoting criminal instincts, and detectives have been often moved to consider seriously this phase of the hand in making their deductions in puzzling cases.

The position of the thumb with reference to the rest of the hand makes either for or against favorable tendencies. If it is bound to the first finger at a close angle, lying nearly parallel, it indicates a weak and cowardly nature. People with such thumbs are not open and frank in character, preferring to creep along in the shadow and profit by another's enterprise. If in connection with this position it should be very small, with vacillating, almost invisible joints, it indicates mental weakness. If, on the contrary, it flies out at right angles or even further it shows want of balance in another direction. The person will rush to extremes and is independent and aggressive almost to foolhardiness. Such people are disagreeable to associate with in any enterprise, as they always want their own way and are not subservient to authority.

The well balanced thumb lies at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the first finger. The joints of the thumb also tell their story. The limber jointed thumb which turns back from the hand is a misfortune to its owner. He will never be rich by saving his earnings, and if a fortune should be left him it is likely to be soon dissipated. He is a spendthrift by nature, not only in money, but in thought. If he gets a hobby he rides it to death, and his policy in all the affairs of life will be, "If a little is good, more is better." And if he does not actually live out all his impulses he will always fret in the spirit and grow rebellious in resisting his natural tendencies.

The stable jointed thumb is everything that is the opposite to the first type. And while the people with these thumbs are not so companionable or so helpful to others they succeed by concentration and a certain amount of selfishness. They have the directness of purpose and the tenacity to carry to successful issue great enterprises. They are stubborn, material, stolid, resistless. The chimpanzee, which has the hand most nearly resembling the human, shows the greatest weakness and want of intelligence in its undersized short thumb. And in the human race the long thumb may be taken as indicating the more intellectual nature. The shorter the thumbs the more brutal and passion governed the nature.

The relative length of the joints also plays an important part. The first indicates the will power, the second denotes judgment, reason and logic, and the third, which controls the mount of Venus, indicates the affections and love of fellow beings. In a well balanced nature the first and second joints are about of equal length. This indicates a wholesome adjustment between the judgment and the will. If, however, the first joint is longer than the second the will exceeds the judgment, and the person is likely to be stubborn and often acts without reason. When the second joint is the longer a person plans better than he executes. In this way he often gets the reputation of being visionary and is frequently full of schemes which he lacks the will to carry out.

The third joint, or "ham," of the hand when too thick indicates ungovernable passions and an inordinate love of the opposite sex. Such a person will be "hail fellow well met," a boon companion, but is likely to neglect the intellectual demands both of his home and his other self.

When the second joint is thin and small in circumference as compared with the first it is said to indicate great tact and niceties in judgment, even to the splitting of a hair. Whether the hand is firm or flabby it has a modifying influence in all cases.

Snails in Wedlock.

"Snails in wedlock, as you might suppose, live tranquilly," said a nature student. "They are not petulant and fiery, not quick tempered. They quarrel little. I have made a study of snails in wedlock, and I have found them singularly affectionate. Their eyes are at the tips of their horns. When they meet they draw in their horns, bringing their eyes close together so that they may exchange a tender look. Snails in wedlock put their heads together in a manner suggestive of kissing. I have often seen a snail husband carrying dainty bits of green to his wife—a good provider. Snail sweethearts are modest. They do not make love openly. If a third snail approaches they go and hide under a dead leaf."

Generally speaking, you are perfectly safe from lightning anywhere within twenty feet of a properly insulated lightning conductor.

FURIES IN THE ARENA.

The Wrestling Matches Between Women in Japan.

Describing a wrestling match between women in Japan, a writer says: "The wrestlers arranged themselves in two sides, each led by a captain. They sat cross legged around the platform in the dirt, all but the two chosen to begin, who advanced into the center with the umpire. They squatted upon their feet and bowed to each other slowly and solemnly. Politeness thus being fulfilled, they stood up again and bent over opposite one another like two gamecocks, watching intently for a chance to seize an advantage. During the preliminaries the audience was tense with expectation. Then suddenly the women sprang, hissing at each other furiously and gnashing their teeth, at first by simulating ferocity to spur themselves up to greater excitement, but, after a few clutches, in deadly feminine earnest, the umpire meanwhile buzzing close to them as they swayed around the narrow ring.

"Any and all holds seemed fair means to the end of pushing a combatant over the sides. Sometimes with a clean throw one woman landed her opponent, sprawling, in the midst of her friends. This was the signal for the umpire to begin, 'Hitotsu, fututsu, mitsu, yotsu, itsusu' (one, two, three, four, five), in a series of irregular and disconnected squeaks, and before he ceased counting another wrestler from the losing side jumped up to meet the champion, who stood panting, hissing and spitting like a boiling kettle in the center of the arena.

"This time there were no preliminaries. A wild rush, and like two furies or two beasts the women were struggling again. Some affected quick clutches, some locked their adversaries in their arms and stood stock still for a full five minutes. Some picked up their opponents almost at once and threw them bodily over the ring, while others rolled over with them."—Chicago News.

AMERICAN ART.

The Way Men of Means May Promote Its Advancement.

It is an encouraging theory that all important art epochs have been preceded by epochs of great wealth, and it may well be that the present multiplication of large fortunes will be the foundation of a more ideal condition of society, affording, as these fortunes do, the support of extensive artistic undertakings, as did those of Genoa and Venice. And while it would be insensate folly to fill our museums exclusively with work by Americans, it is more and more to be expected that our artists will profit by the showing they make in such collections as the comparative exhibition of a few years ago, in which they held their own with foreign masters of the same departments.

The first way, therefore, to help American art is to buy worthy pictures by American artists. Our rich men—particularly our new recruits in this class—should bear in mind that an exhibition of, let us say, the Society of American Artists, has as high a standard of admittance as the Paris Salon and is likely to contain less trash, and that, purely as a matter of investment, to urge no higher motive, it pays to buy the best American work.

Another way for those who wish by their wealth to add to the pleasure of their countrymen is to give or bequeath a portion of it to a museum for the encouragement of native art, and to be of the highest efficiency such a benefaction should be without condition. It is said that in Boston it is not respectable to die without making a bequest to Harvard university or the Museum of Art. Certainly that city has an enviable reputation for the unceasing, ever vigilant civic pride and solidarity that made Emerson exclaim of it, "Thou darling town of ours!"—Century.

The Jehu of Bombay.

In no city in the world is there a public vehicular system so irresponsible and so dangerous to human life as in Bombay. Even were the gharrywalla a jehu of ordinary intelligence the principle of allowing Europeans to be chased by two or three gharrywallas "sahibing" for a fare would be an affront to the civilized public of the city. But the Bombay gharrywalla is notoriously the most stupid individual to be found on the earth's surface, while as a coachman he is the personification of cruelty to his horse and of disregard of the public safety.—Bombay Gazette.

Not In His Line.

Smart—I'm thinking of a trip abroad, Knox—Oh, come now! You can't afford that. You're not accustomed to that sort of thing. Smart—Ha, ha! I simply said I was thinking of it. I can afford to think, can't I? Knox—No. That's what I meant when I said you were not accustomed to that sort of thing.—Philadelphia Press.

His Best Bread.

Baker—I keep the best bread. Customer (who is complaining of the bread's inferior quality)—I don't doubt it. Baker—Then what have you to complain about? Customer—That instead of keeping the best bread you should sell the best and keep the bad for yourself.

High Charge.

"Electricity in the atmosphere affects your system," said the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient, who had paid 2 guineas for two visits. "There are times when one feels overcharged."—London Tit-Bits.

Sudden Hope.

Tiresome Caller (after a long pause)—At our club meeting the other day I made a move— Miss Sharp (with sudden animation)—Oh, Mr. Borelt, can you?—Baltimore American.

Her Ambition.

Elsie (aged five)—I do hope some Dutchman will marry me when I grow up. Aunt Mary—Why, dear? Elsie—'Cause I want to be a duchess.

The word "Jew," strictly speaking, means a member of the tribe of Judah.

RUNNING EXERCISE.

Said to Be the Best Means of Making the Heart Strong.

The kind of exercise one should take for his heart's sake is extremely important. Exercise, to affect the heart sufficiently, must be vigorous, though not too vigorous. Ordinary walking, while healthful, falls short of this requirement. That calisthenics and light exercises generally are also deficient in this respect is proved by the fact that, while all humankind naturally indulge in light exercises, yet heart ailments are prevalent among them. Every one that is not bedridden walks more or less, and I have read learned articles which try to prove that walking is the only exercise man requires. But if a man never runs he could not, if he would, run fairly fast even half a mile. So the argument is in effect that a man need not be able to run. I cannot agree with this conclusion, for walking at a moderate pace affects heart action only slightly.

Running, of all exercises for the heart, is, I think, the best. Of course one who has a weak heart cannot immediately run either fast or far, nor is it necessary for the average individual to learn to run great distances at a high speed, but every one owes it to his health to be able to run without distress, say half a mile at a fair pace. Let him begin by jogging one-eighth or one-quarter of a mile, then half a mile, which distance he may ultimately run reasonably fast.—G. Elliot Flint in Outing Magazine.

THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM.

Two Vast Valleys Traverse the Bed of the Atlantic.

The Atlantic ocean covers two vast valleys. One of these passes between the Cape Verde islands and the Azores, and it is of great depth. It runs close up to Europe and comes to an end close to the British Isles, where a ridge or crest of land separates it from the basin of the North sea. The other valley runs in the main parallel to the first, from which it is separated by an elongated strip of land, of which the Azores forms a supermarine continuation. This strip does not exceed a depth of 9,850 feet, while its height amounts to 6,560 feet. The first valley, like its confrere, is also very deep, its bottom being situated at a depth of nearly four miles below the surface. Passing along South America and leaving the Bermudas to the left it passes along Newfoundland and Labrador, finally ending just south of Greenland. The sub-Atlantic landscape thus consists of two vast parallel valleys or mountains. Further north the land lies higher, and the sea is, relatively speaking, shallow. Between Greenland and the continent, close to Iceland and the channel islands, there is a huge plain free from any depression worthy of mention. It is quite clear that at one time England was connected to the continent.—Scientific American.

Marriage Lottery.

Every year in the Rumal country, in India, about October, a marriage lottery is held. The names of all the marriageable girls and of the young men of the circle who want to get married are written on slips of paper and thrown into separate earthen pots. From these they are drawn against one another by the local wise man. This simply determines the fact that the Rumal girl has come out and is ready to be married, and the youth whose name is drawn against hers thereby obtains a letter of introduction, with authority to make love immediately with what ardor and success he is capable of.

The new Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the label of every cough cure containing opium, chloroform or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure as made for 20 years as entirely free. Dr. Shoop has all along bitterly opposed the use of opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable Cough Cure by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. All dealers cheerfully recommend and sell it.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill-appearing. To have beautiful, pink, velvet-like lips apply at bed time a coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a free, trial box at any dealers and be convinced. Large nickle-capped glass jars, 25c.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
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Homeseekers Rates Via Nickel Plate.

Very low round trip rates to many points in the West, Northwest and Southwest on certain dates each month. For full information write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But, combined with Egyptian Senna, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Shoop Laboratories, from this ingenuous and most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets
(ALL DEALERS)

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EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours.

Investigate,

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DUEBER HAMPDEN WATCHES

MADE AT THE GREAT WATCH WORKS AT CANTON, OHIO.

The dealer who doesn't have DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCHES may tell you they are not the best. He wants to sell what he has—it's human nature.

Before buying, ask the dealer who has them.

Beech-Nut Sliced Bacon

is a dainty breakfast dish for people who like good things to eat. The "Beech-Nut" kind has a delicious flavor and can be used in many ways. We recommend it to you.

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